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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 26, 1938
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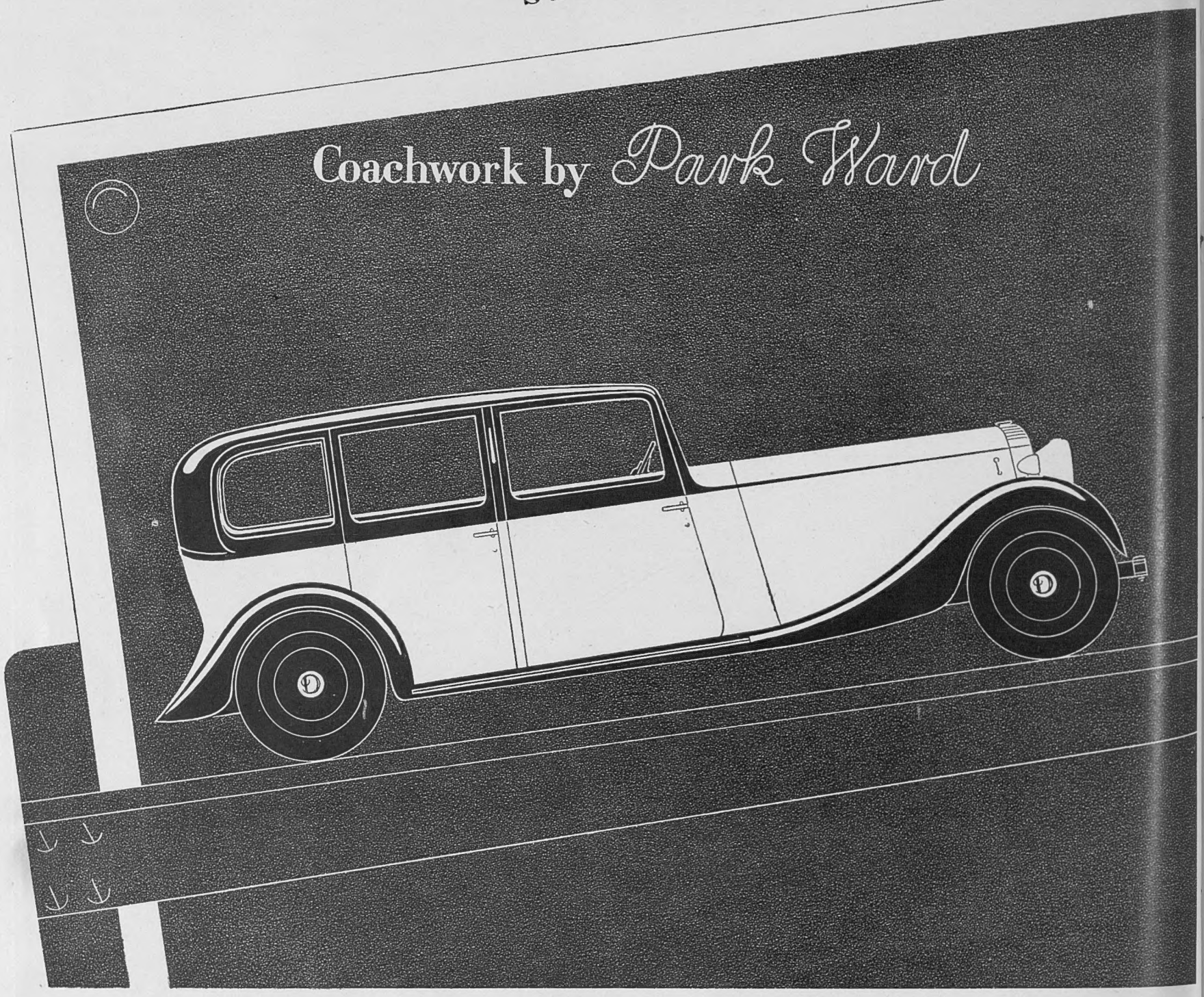

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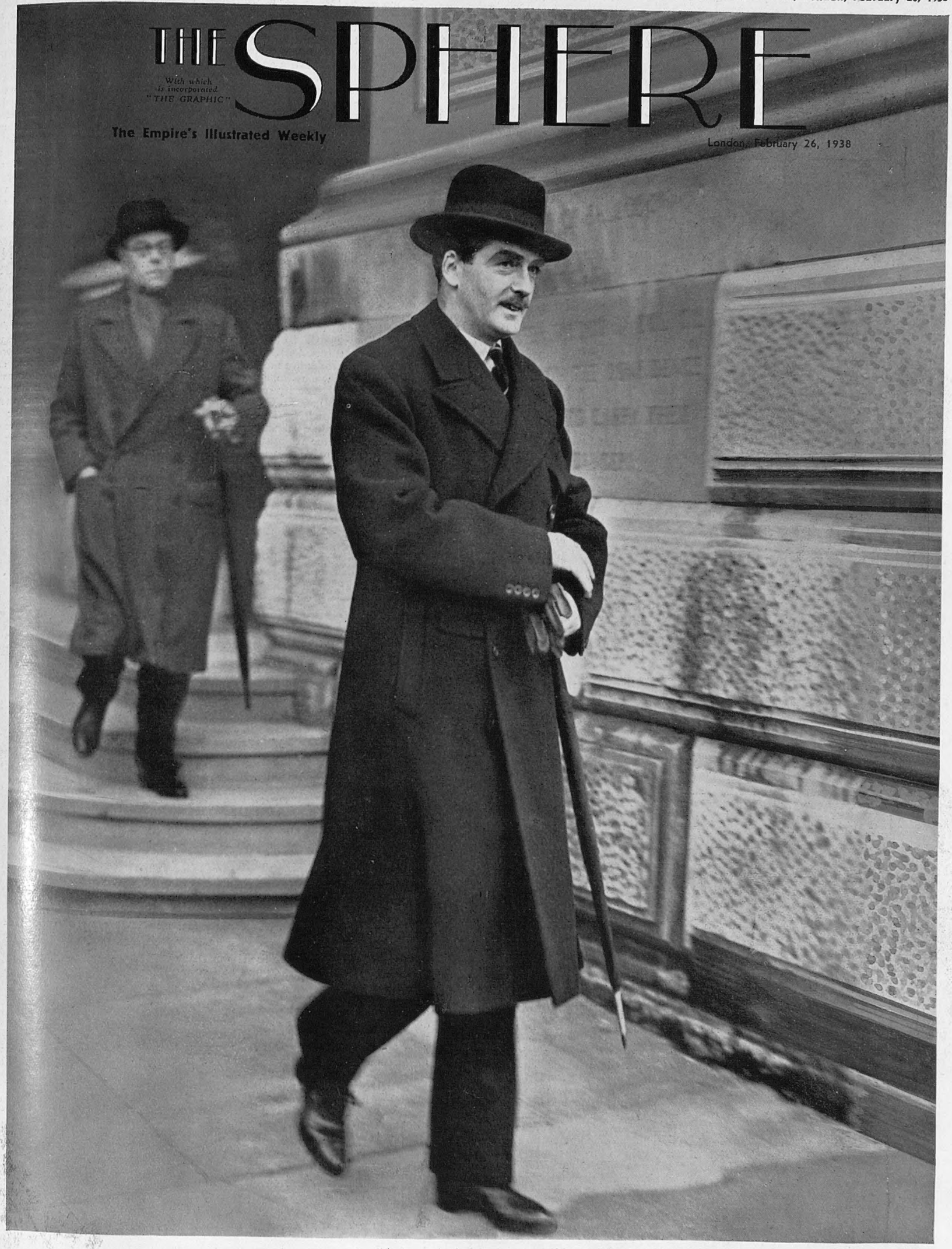
London, February 26, 1938



MR. EDEN LEAVES THE CABINET

Britain's Foreign Secretary Whose Resignation Followed Dramatically on a Divergence of Viewpoint with the Prime Minister

After a week of vague rumour, punctuated by denials that any rift existed, the Cabinet held emergency meetings last Sunday which culminated dramatically when Mr. Eden tendered his resignation as Foreign Secretary, explaining, in a letter to the Prime Minister and in his pronouncement made before a crowded House of Commons on the day following, that in view of his differences with Mr. Chamberlain regarding the mode of approach to foreign policy generally, and on the question of negotiating with Italy in particular, he felt there was no other course before him but to resign. The news was received with mixed feelings abroad, while at home there was widespread sympathy for Mr. Eden's personal position and admiration for his courage in making unflinchingly such a momentous decision involving his own career. In his speech from the "resignation" seat below the gangway in Parliament last Monday Mr. Eden made the following particularly significant point in defence of his attitude:—

"Last summer the Prime Minister and Signor Mussolini exchanged letters, and after that for a few days relations between the two countries took a marked turn for the better. Then ensued the incidents in the Mediterranean and the glorification by the head of the Italian Government of the victories of the Italian forces in Spain. My submission is that we cannot risk a further repetition of that experience. Therefore, it is my contention that before H.M. Government open official conversations in Rome we must make further progress with the Spanish problem. We must agree not only on the need for withdrawal and on the conditions of withdrawal, we must show the world not only promise but achievement. Recent months, recent weeks, recent days had seen successive violation of international agreements and attempts to secure political decisions by forcible means. In the light of the present international situation this is a moment for this country to stand firm."

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"THE FUTURE WILL BE IN YOUR KEEPING. The present is your opportunity to fit yourselves for a full, an active, and useful, and therefore happy life. The decision is left to your free choice. It is for you to make the effort." It was with these words that the King, who is pictured here with the Queen and the Lord and Lady Mayoress of London, reached the culmination of his broadcast speech at the Guildhall last week in support of the activities of the National Fitness Council

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, February 23, 1938.

MR. EDEN. — Mr. Eden's resignation brings out the complexity of politics to-day. What "side" do you take? Mr. Eden stood for the League, the whole League . . . and you and I have come reluctantly to the opinion that to rely on the League when collective security is a mere distant dream (which is Hamlet without the Prince) is midsummer madness and has led us to humiliation, and the Dictator-States to taking their needs by force or threat of force. Mr. Eden, of course, is as sincere as the Premier in his desire to heal and pacify, but the Premier's view in the present crisis in Europe is that the end of any and every individual act of conciliation between nation and nation justifies the means, if it achieve a measure of relief. Hitherto we are clearly against Mr. Eden. But the very first test of our faith is a teaser—Italy. Mr. Eden's personal dislike of the Duce is well known and is returned (with nobs on) by the Duce. We ourselves have a score of reasons, big and small—petty irritations and insidious insults—for a loss of sympathy with Italy. Mr. Eden revolts from the idea of our acknowledging the rape of Abyssinia and the Italian Empire except only by agreement of the League and through League machinery, and only after proofs of co-operation by Italy in localising the Spanish ulcer. And instantly we feel the distaste which Mr. Eden feels for truckling under to that great act of piracy, individually and for expediency. It is hateful to eat our words. It is an un-English surrender of high principles (even if newly acquired). We swing over to Mr. Eden and stand for courage and decency. Then again—morality apart—as shrewd citizens we feel surprise that the Premier is putting his money on a horse which seems to have gone out in the betting since the late Austrian coup. We are far less *afraid* of Italy to-day than in the days when Mr. Eden's predecessor fell from office. British opinion clearly views Germany to-day as the first object of our conciliatory machinery. What a puzzle it all is. What scores of questions leap to our tongues. For example: a week ago one newspaper found the means to ferret out the fact that there was a rift in the Cabinet, a sharp divergence of policy. That "rift" is now proved to have existed. The rumour was true. Why then did Ministers deliberately deny it publicly? Their denials are to-day proved deliberate lying. Why were those falsehoods published? Far better, we believe, in matters of international policy not to truckle too quickly to Democracy, not day by day to keep the public informed of Government moves. If a Minister is called on to resign through divergence of policy from majority opinion, he should suffer in silence rather than weaken his Government in the eyes of Europe. But we have hung all our washing on the line. But such questions can be shelved. One thing is clear. Both camps in the Cabinet crisis held honest, patriotic, and sincere opinions. It was a battle between Bayards. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden alike deserve our respect and gratitude. Time alone can show which was in the right. Each put Britain and world peace first. If it appears that Mr. Chamberlain stands for expediency and Mr. Eden for a higher morality, the times are too dark and dangerous for us to pass judgment.

AUSTRIAN INDEPENDENCE. —The agreement on nine points come to at Berchtesgaden between Hitler and Schuschnigg seemed for a few hours to remove fr m the European tangle one element of distrust and anxiety. Hitler, as the first announcement gave it, reaffirmed and promised to respect the independence of Austria and to give no support to illegal Nazi movements in Austria. A triumph surely for Schuschnigg, a fine piece of constructive statesmanship in the cause of peace by Hitler. For a few hours! Then gradually the truth, the bitter truth, leaked out, and opinion swung to the other extreme. The Berchtesgaden conversations were —just a demand at the pistol point for a signature along the dotted line. There was more than a hint that if the signature were withheld, such Nazi fury would break out in Austria as would inevitably lead to armed intervention by Germany "to restore order." The Austrian Chancellor's return to Vienna was painted as one of the bitterest journeys for a humiliated statesman in the history of Europe, differing little in humiliation and bitterness from that journey back from Foch's special train in the Forest, taken by the representatives of defeated Germany in November, 1918. Austria had yielded to force. There is not much left of her independence when the control of all her police and security services are in the unfettered hands of Hitler's pro-Nazi nominee, and her foreign minister is a Germanophile whose actions and decisions are free from and above the control of the Austrian Chancellor. Schuschnigg is to be pitied. He was a rat in a trap and he chose the slower death for Austria. At the pistol-point and on an ultimatum numbered in hours, Austria has signed away her independence and become a vassal State of Germany. She gave one despairing cry for help and advice from Italy, which not so long ago laid vital stress on Austrian independence. But the appeal was unanswered, the Duce was practising on skis, trying perhaps to forget that he had good reason to feel no great surprise at the news of the coup. In the diplomatic language of modern Germany the *fait accombli* is a peaceful and logical development of the pact concluded in July 1936, a pact which Germany has consistently honoured and Austria has often failed to reciprocate. In a word's worth the new cabinet changes are "not inimical to Austrian independence." Guns are more effective than butter, and butter will not salve wounds as bitter as these. The Democracies of Civilisation have outlawed Force. What a pity—looking back and looking forward on scenes of rapine and of desolation—that that outlawry was in force when Germany reoccupied the Rhineland. Such, I fancy, were the two extremes of opinion expressed in Europe when the full implications of the changes in the Austrian Cabinet became known. What can we say of it? Only to counsel patience and restraint; to remember that, except for certain manifestations of Nazi rule (most of all, its persecution of religion), Austria and Germany have many bonds in common; and only a decade ago were being drawn together by mutual acceptance of the advantages of close co-operation. Only to wait and see whether perhaps the new Cabinet changes do not after all imply the slow strangulation of Austria but rather are designed as a means of easing the desperate economic difficulties of Germany and may redound to the economic benefit of both countries. If we feel to-day that after all little Dollfuss "died in vain", and that liberty is dead and force triumphant, let us for a while remember in restraint our constant boast that we will not criticise the internal policy of other nations; remember also our own ceaseless efforts to maintain our economic position in our Empire and overseas. We may as well do so. For what is the alternative?

STOCK EXCHANGE HOLIDAY.—The world's stock exchanges know nothing of the happy medium. Their thermometers stand either at 106 deg. or 94 deg. They are in a fever of optimism or *in extremis* of inanition. Idleness is a dangerous thing for stockbrokers for it creates a vicious circle. Rumour feeds on idleness and rumour on the Stock Exchange has its roots in panic. And there is no doubt about it that for some weeks past stockbrokers have been sitting in their offices doing little but twiddle their thumbs and tot up the overhead of rent and rates

THE KING VISITS THE ROYAL ARSENAL: His Majesty watching the assembly of bullets duri his tour of the ordnance factories at Woolwich last week where he saw many of the late types of heavy and light guns under construction, also small arms of various descriptio

"DEMOBBED": One of the horses being auctioned at Newport Barra were sold out of the army, he mechanised. The progress of

and the salaries of clerks with much spare time on their hands. They have four good years fresh in memory and the wise virgins no doubt set aside a quarter of their profits to contingency reserve. But not all S.E. virgins are wise when the fever of optimism is on them. To-day I fear they have time to read too many newspapers and absorb too many scare headlines, for they cannot spend all the long hours of the empty day inventing those Stock Exchange stories which enliven dinner when the ladies have left. The vicious circle has full play, and despite the official orders which ban "croaking" there are many in the purlieus of Threadneedle Street who cry "Havoc" and let loose the dogs of war. One cannot blame investors who hold back during the present orgy of press rumour. The stockbrokers do themselves pretty well, by and large, and earn easy money in the fat years. My sympathy lies rather with the Highland grouse-moor owners who will suffer heavily after last year's dud grouse year and a very lean year in the City.

OLD LONDON IN PARK LANE.—As a general principle one might object to paying 8s. to see two rooms full of works of art, since one can see the world's greatest treasures for nothing. But the cause being charity—hospital charity—I disbursed for my entry, catalogue, and hat storage at 45, Park Lane, and was well repaid by the Canalettos alone. How they soar above the Scotts! Samuel Scott, competent as he is, is grey beside Canaletto, but both are social historians of the first class. Here at last you comprehend in a way which no literary genius can teach, what the Thames meant to our forefathers before 1830. It was their Main Street, and the whiffs and skiffs on the river were as the taxis of to-day in number. The glorious Richmond House Gardens (190) I have seen several times before. It and the other Thames View Canalettos, loaned by His Majesty and by the Dukes of Richmond and Buccleuch, are the gems of the show. Rowlandson and Frith prove the plus-ça-change of London, the traffic blocks and jay walkers presenting an eternal problem. From Goodwood come (without much logic) those enchanting great Stubbs of the Duke watching his racehorses and of his guests shooting in Goodwood Park, and Richard Wilson's St. George's Hospital gives an interesting impression of the Park near Hyde Park Corner in 1746, with a duck-haunted pond abutting on the site where now the buses halt and papers are retailed. It is, indeed, the most enchanting and interesting little show I have seen. The china and furniture are attractive and valuable also, and so no doubt the plate, but for gold plate I cannot raise enthusiasm unless it be plain.

ACTIVITY IN HYDE PARK: Riders take their exercise in the Row, nurses push their prams, while the gardeners get on with the task of pruning the trees. Spring may be a long way off yet, but they all feel it in the air on those mild, deceptive February days that alternate with frost or rain as winter slowly withdraws

THE HEAVY SNOWFALL IN KENT: Men engaged in clearing away a deep drift at Capel, near Folkestone, after last week's blizzard which dislocated road transport

...e 2nd Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, ...onmouthshire, when about sixty of them ...o longer required as the unit is now ...nisation is illustrated on pages 338 and 339

TANKS AT STACKPOLE. — These thoughts occur to me when I read of the War Office's consideration of the Stack Rocks–Linney Head coast-line as a tank gunnery range: (1) The owners of every large estate in Britain *are* the proper persons to take up the cudgels against unnecessary desecration of admitted beauty-spots. They have always been trustees of such property for their family and descendants, and to-day they are as surely trustees for the nation. For the amenities of private property to-day all over Britain belong 50 per cent. or more to the public. That is true of Stackpole, which draws thousands of the public to its beauties in spring, summer, and autumn, and the owner freely offers them the enjoyment of his property, asking nothing in return but to respect those lovely places as they would respect their own gardens. (2) The lack of co-ordination among Government departments even to-day is enough to drive the average Englishman to despair. The importance of home produce in questions of national defence is hammered out day after day. Yet the War Office, without so much as notifying the Ministry of Agriculture, is prepared to waste time and money on schemes which will wipe off the map half-a-dozen really prosperous farms and throw skilled agriculturists into unemployment. (3) Time and again the Service Ministries go about their business with a boorish discourtesy which sets all classes against them. The first indication that the Air Ministry and the War Office had designs on Stackpole came with the arrival of junior officials with the survey instruments of their trade. Not one word of warning to the landowner, not a request for a *laisser passer*. The farmer sees a trespasser measuring up his farm and naturally assumes that the landowner has sold his farm over his head. A little ordinary courtesy is to be expected even from a Government Department. (4) And these minions are far too knowing to lend an ear to local experience. The Flying Station at Stackpole is an expensive failure already. Local warning of the prevalence of sea mists for prolonged periods was totally disregarded, and public money wasted. (5) How can the public possibly be expected to co-operate with the Government in the vital needs of defence when co-ordination of defence departments remains a farce and the departments themselves go about their business with the juggernaut tactics and the blindness of Gadarenes?

HORSEY.—Last autumn I spent two nights in the village of Horsey near Great Yarmouth, on the edge of Horsey Broad. The village last week in the height of the gale and neap tides was inundated to a depth of 4 ft. by the sea. It seems almost impossible to credit, for in summer Horsey seems quite remote from the sea, from which it is separated by a quarter mile breadth of flats, sandy or rushy and a great rampart of sand dunes which rise to the height of low downs in places, and beyond the downs at low-tide the sea is still remote from the beach-head. The sea breaking through the massif of sand dunes, penetrated several miles inland to a depth of 4 ft. at the maximum, and must have forced its way into Horsey Broad even across the main Yarmouth Road. I hope its poisonous salt has not spoiled the fishing. My August memory of the Broad is sunlit and enchanting. The blue expanse of water was studded with coloured sails and I remember putting up a bittern at my feet. The village clusters round old Horsey Hall, formerly Lady Lucas's and now the home of Major A. Buxton. Every owner of Horsey has always been a bird lover and expert and it would be a thousand pities indeed if Horsey Broad were damaged by this unhappy and extraordinary visitation.

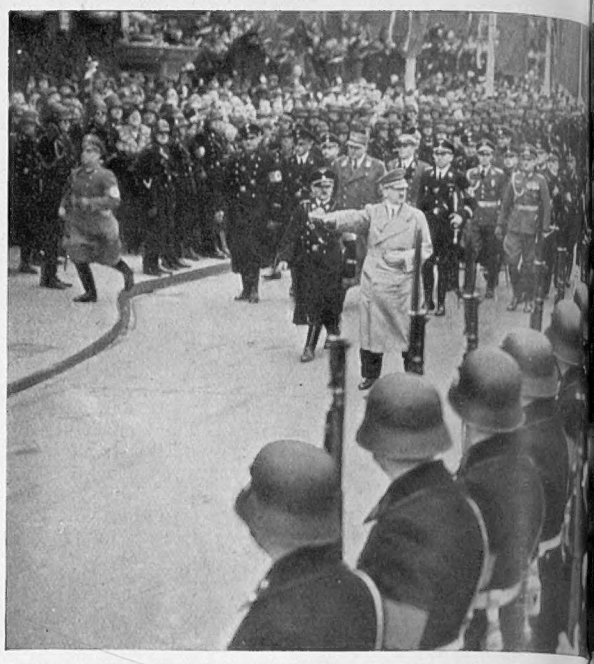
UNDERGRADUATES' CARS. —Lord Elton raised his voice to Oxford Rotarians in a plea to the University authorities to ban the use of cars by undergraduates. The only sound argument for such a ban is that a car does in many cases take undergraduates away from the seat of learning where they are expensively maintained by parents for purposes of work and other educational facilities. There is always an element that uses cars for quite unnecessary dashes to London, but probably no larger an element than that which in pre-motor days used the railway. If you use any other argument, you admit that the average undergraduate is less competent to drive with reasonable care than the newspaper or tradesman's van boys; and you forget that a motor car is to-day the only available substitute for the dog-cart of the 'nineties. The undergraduate is entitled to his occasional afternoons off, to his country excursions, and his visits to friends within a reasonable radius. None objected to our using a dog-cart for those purposes thirty years ago. The authorities, who will doubtless do nothing at all, should consider restricting the use of cars by undergraduates to the period noon to 7 p.m. Those who support their colleges in the cricket, football, and hockey field, or on the river, do so from motives strong enough to resist the lure of the car, and since undergraduates may freely drive cars in the vac, they should not be debarred from the only available mode of transport during term time. Oxford, it may not be denied, is a place that smells the sweeter for an occasional get-away, and undergraduates are not noticeably more incompetent or reckless drivers than either van or garage boys.

THE OLD STAGER

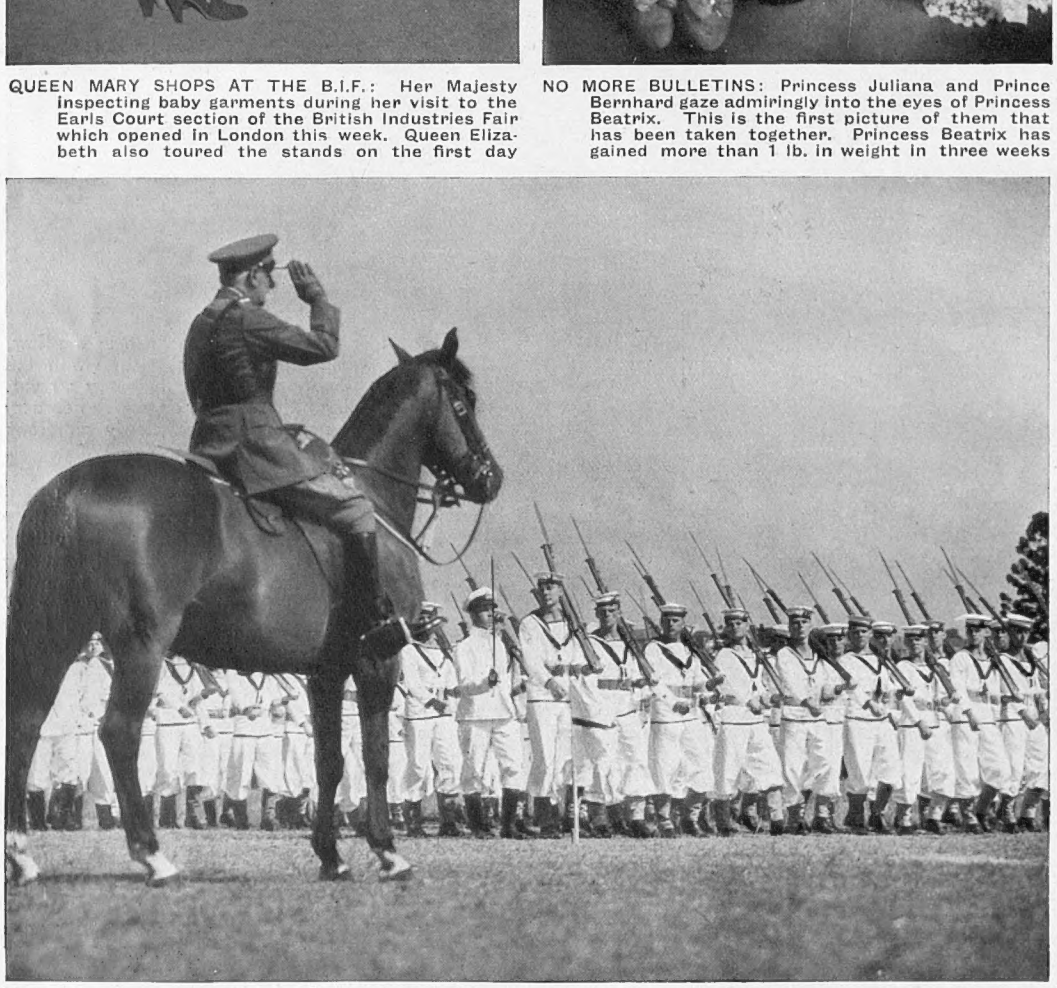
The WAY of the

QUEEN MARY SHOPS AT THE B.I.F.: Her Majesty inspecting baby garments during her visit to the Earls Court section of the British Industries Fair which opened in London this week. Queen Elizabeth also toured the stands on the first day

NO MORE BULLETINS: Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard gaze admiringly into the eyes of Princess Beatrix. This is the first picture of them that has been taken together. Princess Beatrix has gained more than 1 lb. in weight in three weeks



BERLIN'S BIG SUNDAY: Chancellor Hitler saluting the guard of honour just before he entered the Kroll Opera House to deliver his eagerly awaited speech to the Reichstag. Though he spoke for three hours the Führer offered little additional enlightenment on the events in Berlin and Vienna that have



AUSTRALIA STILL CELEBRATING: Brigadier-General Lord Gowrie, V.C., Governor-General of Australia, taking the salute as naval men marched past at the big United Services review held in Sydney in connection with the Commonwealth's 150th anniversary celebrations. Lord Gowrie has been Governor-General since 1936 and before that was Governor of New South Wales and Governor of South Australia

THE FÜHRER ADDRESSES THE REICHSTAG: The scene in the Kroll Opera House, Berlin, last Sunday as Chancellor Hitler delivered his three-hour speech which, as pointed out above, contained no unexpected pronouncement on foreign affairs

IN AUSTRIA TO-DAY: Dr. Anton Rintelen (foreground), the former Austrian Minister in Rome, who was found guilty of high treason and sentenced to life imprisonment for his leading part in the Austrian Nazi rising in 1934, pictured with his daughter in Vienna after his release under the terms of the amnesty. *Above*—A party of Nazis, who had just been freed from Salzburg gaol, gathered in a swastika-beflagged room to hear Chancellor Hitler's speech delivered to the Reichstag in Berlin last Sunday

ALL GERMANY WAS STILLED: A glimpse of the great crowd in the Wilhelmstrasse—only one of many that gathered in streets and public squares last Sunday to hear Herr Hitler's speech. They stood for about three hours listening to his words. The speech was also heard with keen interest in Austria and

WORLD: Headlined News from Many Quarters

been the centre of world interest during recent weeks. Instead, he took advantage of the newspaper rumours to which German secrecy gave rise to make a fierce attack on the International Press, whose attitude he regarded as so dangerous to peace that he announced an unspecified increase in German armaments

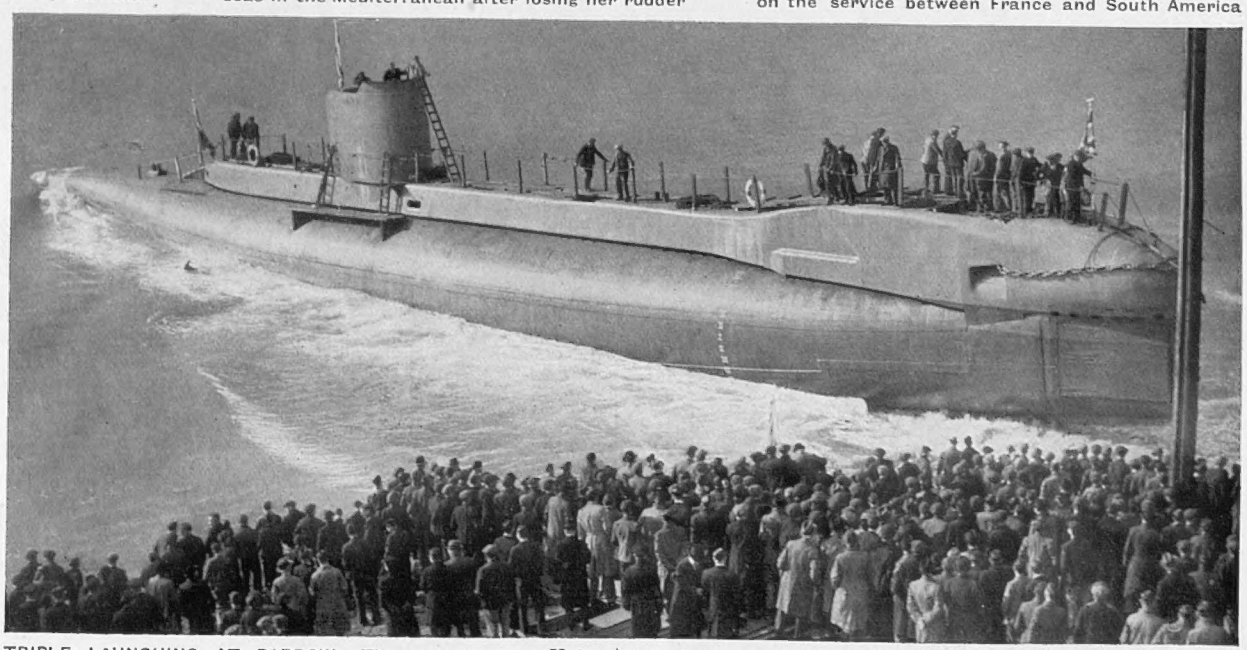
THE EAST NORFOLK FLOODS: Villagers of Horsey, whose homes have been marooned by the sea which has broken down the coast-defending sand dunes and swept far inland, looking across the flooded areas. The damage to property has been immense and the salt water has killed thousands of fresh-water fish, destroyed the food for the birds, and necessitated the destruction of a number of dogs driven to quench their thirst in it. Meanwhile the inhabitants have had to remove themselves to higher ground

He repeated the German demand for colonies, and declared that he would neither take credits in settlement nor offer any political *quid pro quo*. The return of Germany, he said, to the League was ruled out, and Manchukuo would be recognised by the Reich

A BRITISH STEAMER'S PLIGHT: A picture taken from H.M.S. *Cornwall*, one of the rescuing ships, as the *Kemmenide* (8,000 tons) was battered by immense seas in the Mediterranean after losing her rudder

FRANCE BUILDS A NEW LUXURY LINER: The S.S. *Pasteur* on the slipway at St. Nazaire before the launching ceremony last week. The vessel will be employed on the service between France and South America

Czechoslovakia, and immediately it was over big crowds gathered outside the German Embassy in Vienna, repeatedly shouting "Heil, Hitler," and singing "Deutschland Uber Alles" and the Nazis' favourite Horst Wessel song

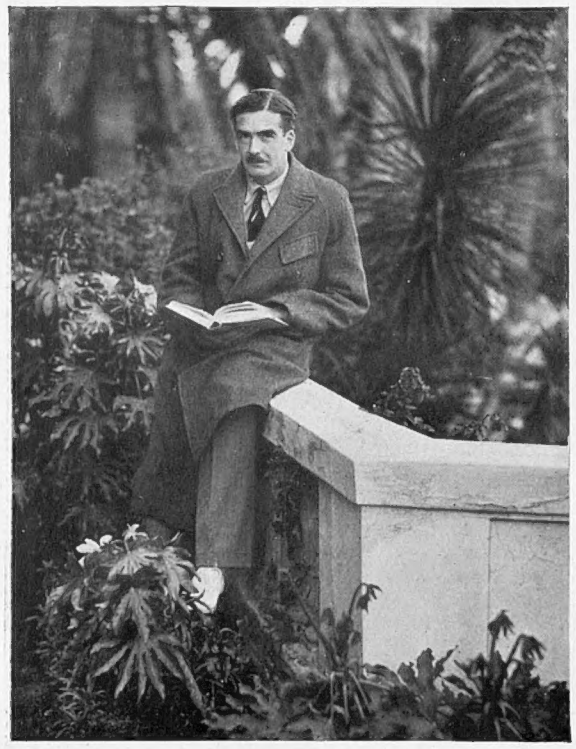


TRIPLE LAUNCHING AT BARROW: The new submarine *Unity* taking the water at Vickers-Armstrongs Limited after being named by Mrs. Cunningham, wife of Rear-Admiral J. H. D. Cunningham. From the same yard and on the same day two sister craft were also launched, one being *Triumph* which was named by Mrs. Somerville, wife of Vice-Admiral F. A. Somerville, and the other being *Ursula*. Speaking at a luncheon after the ceremonies Sir Charles Craven, chairman and managing director of Vickers, pointed out that he saw no hope of reduction in the immediate future of the high cost of new tonnage

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY

ARBITER OF BRITAIN'S FOREIGN POLICY: Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, who called two Cabinet meetings last Sunday—the first time such an action had been taken since the General Strike—and between 7 and 8 o'clock, after making every effort to dissuade him, received the resignation of Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary. In the course of his reply to Mr. Eden he wrote:—

"The decision which you find yourself unable to accept is whether the present moment is appropriate for the commencement of the Anglo-Italian conversations. We had hoped that you would not feel this of sufficient importance to necessitate a parting which is painful to us. There has been so large a measure of agreement . . . that I had hoped until a very short time ago that any difference of outlook to which you allude would not be found incompatible with our further collaboration. Since, however, your letter shows that, unhappily, this is not the case, I have no alternative but to accept your decision. . . ."



RIVIERA HOLIDAY: Mr. Eden in the grounds of his hotel at Grasse where he went in January for a short rest cure

ANXIOUS HOURS: An impression of the big crowd that gathered outside the Premier's house in Downing Street to watch the arrival of Ministers for the first of the Cabinet meetings held on Sunday. The crowd began to assemble about 12 noon and did not finally disperse until a late hour. There were enthusiastic cheers for Mr. Eden on his several appearances during the day

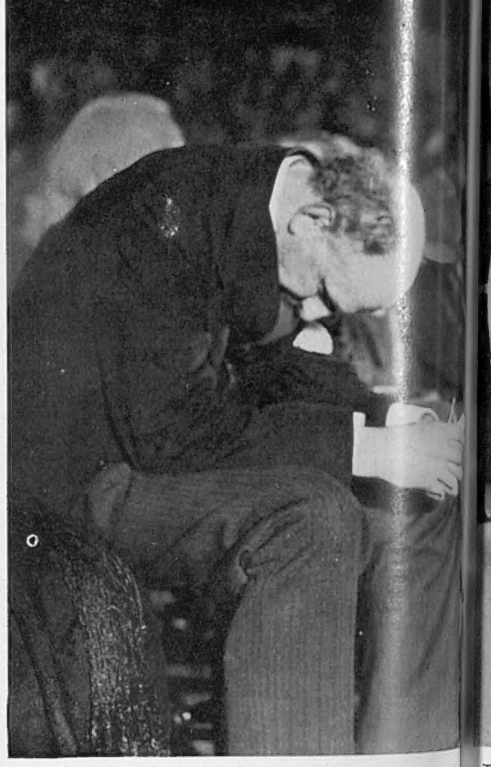
THE CABINET ASSEMBLES: Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister of Transport, and Lord Hailsham arriving for the first of the Cabinet meetings last Sunday, and it was afterwards stated that Mr. Elliot, Secretary of State for Scotland, was one who sided with Mr. Eden. Lord Cranborne, in view of his complete agreement with Mr.

GIFTED with a good presence, ability as a speaker, and a capacity for making friends, coupled with outstanding academic achievement at Oxford, where he gained first-class honours in Oriental languages, and a fine war record, it was only natural that Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's ex-Foreign Secretary, should have risen to the forefront of affairs, and his chances were even further enhanced in that he emerged at a time when youth was being particularly cultivated by the Conservative Party. Even so, his rise was meteoric in our slow-moving political world, and his attainment of Cabinet rank at well under forty years of age, while not in any way comparable to the achievement of Pitt the Younger, who formed his first Ministry at twenty-four, none the less denotes high qualities of mind and character.

The story of Mr. Eden's career is briefly summarised in the following chronological survey:—

1897–1922: Born on June 12, 1897, and later went to Eton, afterwards serving on the Western front. Following the war he continued his education at Oxford.

ANTHONY EDEN—TRAVELLER: The ex-Foreign Secretary pictured with Mr. Norman Davis, representative of the United States, at the Far Eastern Conference in Brussels last November when the signatories of the Washington Treaty gathered to discuss Japan's invasion of China



THE DREAMER: Lord Robert Cecil, President of the League of Nations Union, whose belief in the "World Parliament" and idealistic attitude with regard to foreign affairs has been largely shared by Mr. Eden. Lord Robert's nephew is Viscount Cranborne, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who has resigned with his chief

1923: Entered Parliament as member for the Warwick and Leamington Division.

1926: Became Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, thus obtaining a first-class introduction to the complications of European politics.

1931: Became Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office in the first National Government.

1934: In January appointed Lord Privy Seal (without Cabinet rank) in Earl Baldwin's Ministry, thereafter devoting much attention to the League of Nations aspect of foreign affairs.

1935: In the Cabinet reconstruction in June was made Minister without Portfolio for League of Nations Affairs, being given a seat in the Cabinet, and in the following December was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in succession to Sir Samuel Hoare who found it necessary to resign following the public outburst

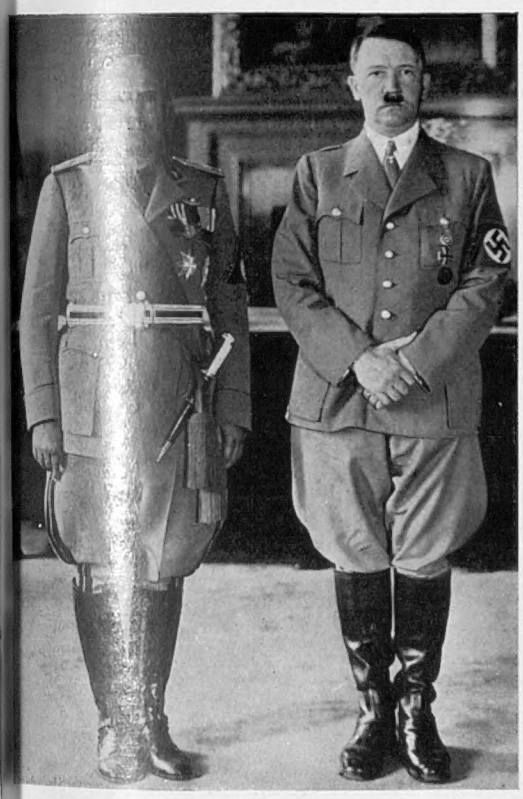
RESIGNS: A Pictorial Survey of a Dramatic Week-end, and a Chronological Survey of Mr. Eden's Meteoric Career which has Temporarily Ended so Abruptly

Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, Dr. Leslie Burgin, the Lord Chancellor, arriving in Downing Street for the All but three of the Ministers supported Mr. Chamberlain, Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Walter Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister of Agriculture, were those borne, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, resigned chief's policy. He is the son of the Marquess of Salisbury

COUNT GRANDI CALLS AT DOWNING STREET: The Italian Ambassador whose negotiations with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden regarding an Anglo-Italian settlement revealed the rift between the Premier and the Foreign Secretary which reached its climax on Sunday. Since then Count Grandi has again seen Mr. Chamberlain

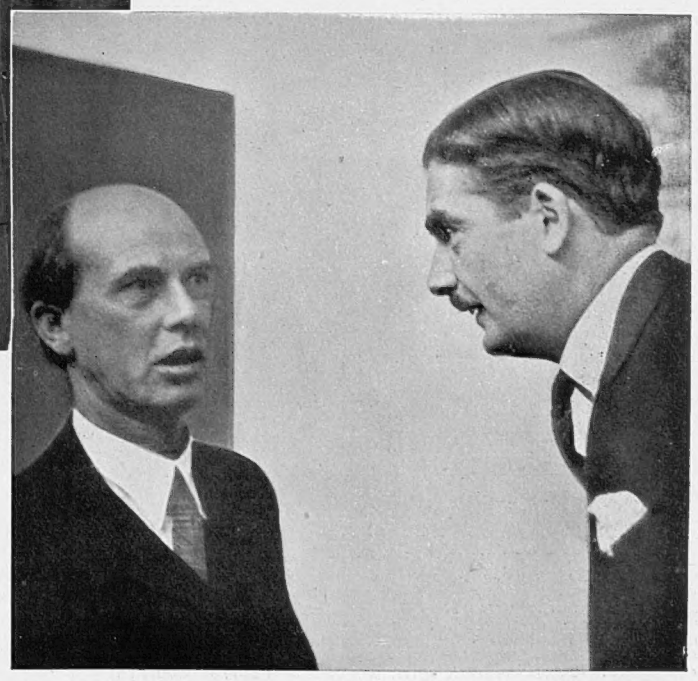
CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE POLITICAL DRAMA: Mr. Anthony Eden arriving to attend one of the momentous Cabinet meetings held prior to his resignation. In his letter to Mr. Chamberlain he wrote:—

"*The events of the last few days have made plain a difference between us on a decision of great importance in itself, and far reaching in its consequences. I cannot recommend to Parliament a policy with which I am not in agreement. Apart from this I have become increasingly conscious, as I know you have also, of a difference of outlook between us in respect of the international problems of the day, and also as to the methods by which we should seek to resolve them. It cannot be in the country's interest that those who are called upon to direct its affairs should work in an uneasy partnership fully conscious of differences in outlook. . . . It is for these reasons that, with very deep regret, I have decided that I must leave you and your colleagues, with whom I have been associated during years of great difficulty. . . .*"



THE TOTALITARIANS: Signor Mussolini and Chancellor Hitler pictured together during their meeting in Germany last autumn. How to square their aims and ambitions with League ideals has been Mr. Eden's abiding problem, and significantly enough the present negotiations for a settlement with Italy have been the immediate cause of his resignation

WHEN SIR SAMUEL HOARE WAS FOREIGN SECRETARY: Mr. Eden, then Minister for League Affairs, with M. Laval, then French Premier, seen together in 1935, a few months before the advent of the ill-omened Hoare–Laval plan for the division of Abyssinia, which led to the resignation of Sir Samuel and to Mr. Eden's promotion



HIS HOME FROM HOME: Mr. Eden in conversation with M. Sandler, of Sweden, during a session of the League to which he devoted so much time during his years of office. He has probably done as much travelling as any British Foreign Minister of recent times and has often had the ill-luck to encounter boisterous weather conditions during his frequent Channel crossings and aeroplane flights

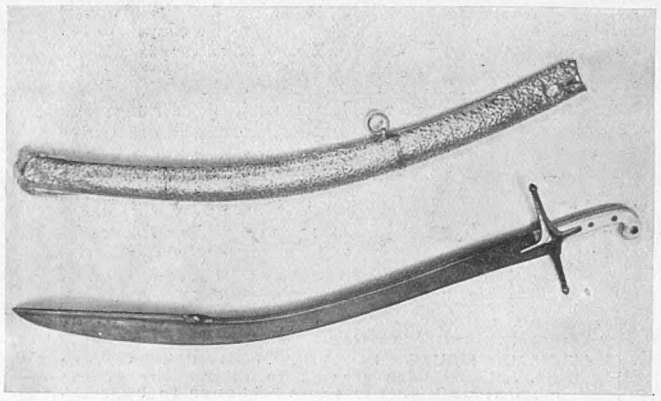
have steadily and deliberately supported a policy of non-intervention. It has been our chief concern to seek to reduce the risk of the conflict spreading beyond Spain." *September 14*—The Nine-Power Anti-Piracy Agreement signed at Nyon with object of preventing further attacks on shipping in the Mediterranean. The pact at the proposals formulated in conjunction with M. Laval, of France, with the object of partitioning Abyssinia. In the spring he visited Poland, Russia, and Czechoslovakia.

1936: *March 27*—"I am not prepared to be the first British Foreign Secretary to go back on a signature" Mr. Eden declared during the debate in the House on Locarno obligations following Germany's military re-occupation of the de-militarised Rhineland. *June 18*—Announced the British Government's decision to abandon the policy of sanctions against Italy as collective action had not been sufficiently thorough. *November 5*—Stated in Foreign Affairs declaration in Parliament that the guiding principle of the Government was to bring confusion on the sneers against the League of Nations. All nations, he said, were re-arming either steadily, vigorously, or feverishly.

1937 *March 2*—Referring to Spain in a House of Commons debate he declared "from the first we considered a distinct diplomatic success for Mr. Eden.

1938: Mr. Chamberlain seeking a settlement with Signor Mussolini on outstanding points of difference between Great Britain and Italy, started negotiations with Count Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, and immediately came into conflict with Mr. Eden who considered the negotiations premature and dependent on an Italian gesture with regard to the withdrawal from Spain. Failing to gain his point, Mr. Eden resigned.

ONE OF THE IRON DUKE'S HEROES: Raeburn's three-quarter length portrait of Lieut.-Colonel Sir James John Fraser, Bt., of the 7th Hussars, who served with his regiment at Toulouse, distinguished himself at Orthez, and was on the staff at Waterloo, after which Wellington presented him with Napoleon's sword. The picture was put up for auction at Sotheby's this week, together with other works belonging to Lady Dorothy Fraser



THE SWORD NAPOLEON CARRIED AT WATERLOO which is shortly to be offered for sale in London and has added interest at this moment in view of the fact that the portrait of Sir James Fraser, Bt., the officer to whom it was presented by Wellington, has just been auctioned at Sotheby's. The sword was taken from the Emperor's coach which he had been forced to abandon

THE ARAGON BATTLEGROUND: A sketch map of Teruel and its environs which, it was announced on Tuesday, had been regained by the Spanish insurgents after desperate fighting. General Franco lost the town in a surprise attack in December, and in order to win it back and re-establish his prestige had to concentrate every available man on the offensive, thus, to Madrid's satisfaction, shelving his plans for taking more strategically valuable objectives elsewhere. It appears that when the city was surrounded at the beginning of this week the defenders made a sortie and succeeded in joining other Government troops. The feature of the insurgent advance was a big cavalry charge from the neighbourhood of Castralvo. Deployed over a front of a mile and a quarter, the horsemen swept forward, stampeding numerous Government men into surrender. Other insurgent troops attacked from the south-west

HOW GERMANY LOST THE COLONIES SHE NOW WANTS BACK

A Brief Outline of the Dramatic Story of Her Great War Losses

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

WHEN the great war began, German overseas possessions fell into three groups, colonies in the ordinary sense they were not. All were efficiently conducted in the German meaning of that word. They were the Pacific group, in which we may include Tsingtao in Shantung, and Mariana Caroline and Marshal groups of islands, the Bismarck Archipelago, part of New Guinea, and Samoa. Secondly: the East Africa possession known as German East, and thirdly the West African group consisting of Togoland between French Dahomey and the British Gold Coast, the Kameruns in the Gulf of Guinea, and in the far south, the vast, thinly inhabited, German South-west Africa, which marched with Cape Colony and Rhodesia.

To the credit of our Admiralty and War Office Germany's plans were well understood, and within a fortnight of the outbreak of war Admiral Sir George Patey, commanding the Australian Navy, embarked a body of New Zealand troops at Wellington and proceeded with the *Psyche*, *Pyramis*, and *Philomel* to a rendezvous out of reach of the cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* by New Caledonia. There he met the Australian battle-cruiser *Australia*, the cruiser *Melbourne*, and the French *Montcalm*. Thence he made for Samoa, which duly surrendered and was left in charge of New Zealand. He then made for New Pomerania, one of the four larger islands in the Bismarck Archipelago.

The various ports and harbours and the administrative capital Raboul surrendered, but the port of Herbertshoe had a fortified wireless station four miles inland, and the capture of this involved a landing and fourteen hours fighting in the bush with the garrison before it fell. There now remained New Guinea's Kaiser Wilhelmsland, with the port K. Wilhelmshafen, and the islands in the Solomon group. The last of these fell within fourteen days of the start, and all *pieds à terre* for cruisers and raiders were in British hands.

TOGOLAND.—The story now swings to West Africa where Togoland was the first to reap the penalties of war. The Togoland wireless station was the principal objective, but it lay far from the coast. Germany on August 22 shelled a Belgian port on Lake Tanganyika, a small British force entered Togoland from the Gold Coast as well as French columns from Dahomey, while the main available forces, some 600 in all, landed at Lomé under Colonel Bryant and proceeded to advance on Kamina, on which also the small land columns converged. The Allies, with whom were but fifty-seven European troops, fought a long action with the defenders outside Kamina, in which there were seventy-three British and twice as many German casualties. After this the Germans blew up their wireless, and on August 26, three weeks after the opening of the war, surrendered the colony.

THE KAMERUNS.—The taking of the Kameruns was on a very different scale. The German forces were more substantial, and Colonel Zimmerman the Governor had considerable power of expansion, both from settlers and blacks. British columns from Nigeria, aided by French from Equatoria, met with heavy fighting extending several months, the German frontier forts needing much tackling. On the coast General Dobell gathered a force of 4,500 British and French troops, largely African, and with various war vessels sailed up the big Duala inlet to take the German town of that name at its head. It fell to a military and naval force on September 14, Zimmerman leaving by rail for Yaundé on the south-east, there to mobilise his resources. At Bonaberi on the other side of the creek, whence a rail ran to the north, were seized eight ocean liners.

By the end of 1914 Dobell had pushed some distance along the rail towards Yaundé, after considerable fighting, to be held up by weather and lack of transport. Indeed it was not till after the rainy season of 1915 that the final advance on Zimmerman's capital at Yaundé was to take place, and the difficult task of synchronising the advance of the British and French columns from the Nigerian border and the French from Equatoria could be arranged. After months of considerable fighting Dobell himself occupied Yaundé as the converging columns moved forward and Zimmerman fearing encirclement broke out south-west to Spanish territory, with 800 Europeans and several thousand blacks. The number of German troops of all kinds thus disposed of numbered some 2,000 Europeans and 20,000 blacks, and the Kameruns were Allied territory, after a campaign distinguishing both invader and defender, and in which many vicissitudes had been gallantly endured.

GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.—We may now turn to the great adventure of the British and Dutch troops of the Union of South Africa. German South-west had a population of some 14,000 Germans and a sparse Kaffir folk. It was well known in the autumn of '14 that the Germans were deep in their machinations with the Dutch rebellion which burst out under Brigadier-General Beyers, who held His Majesty's Commission, and S. B. Marais. By the end of 1914 the Union troops had suppressed the rebellion and were free to turn their attention to German territory, Beyers having lost his life in the Vaal River.

It was decided to send by sea a force under General Botha to the northern port of Swakopmund, to advance on Windhoek, the capital, and another under MacKenzie to the southern port of Luderitz Bay, while a column under Beranger would advance from Bechuanaland and another under Van Deventer from Prieska in the colony. Six months of hard marching and some sharp fighting resulted in the capture of German South-west and the elimination of 10,000 men, of whom 3,000 surrendered at the end, with 37 field guns and 22 maxims. The control of the territory then passed to the Union Government.

WAR ON THE LAKES.—The story now reverts to the early days of the war when it was necessary to gain control of Lakes Nyasa, Tanganyika, and Victoria, on all of which were German armed vessels, and which were all bordered by German East. After some initial German success, Victoria Nyanza was cleared by troops from Uganda and Nairobi. On Tanganyika were four German armed vessels, and these were not destroyed till two swift light cruisers specially constructed in England were brought by rail and dragged over mountains to the Belgian shore. They then soon sank, or caused to immolate themselves, the German armed vessels. On the western shores German forces had invaded both Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and were not driven off till severe and distinguished fighting by local defence forces had taken place.

On Lake Nyasa there was one British and one German armed vessel, and the latter was destroyed as early as August 13, but it was not till Boxing Day 1915 that the clearance of the enemy craft on Tanganyika by the imported cruisers referred to put an end to the German attempts to cross the Lake.

GERMAN EAST AFRICA.—The taking of German East Africa was to be a far greater matter than either the Kameruns or German South-west, and called for large forces and great endeavour. The first thing to do was to protect the long rail from Mombasa to Nairobi from German invasion. For this considerable numbers of Indian troops were sent, with an expedition to take Tanga, the German port for their highlands, en route. Here we were to experience our only reverse, when General Aitken's force was repulsed with considerable loss, under circumstances which throw no credit on the political information. This force and other Indian troops under Generals Tighe and Malleson were now concerned in defending Kenya and Mombasa and preparing for a land invasion of the highland country. To them came Union troops and with them General Smuts to take supreme command.

It was not till March, 1916, that the British columns advanced to Moschi, aware that by now the various forces against them might amount on all fronts to 30,000 men under the energetic Von Lettow Forbach.

Defeating the Germans at Moschi the main forces turned south-east along the highland railway towards Usambara and Tanga, while Smuts launched Van Deventer right through the bush on Konda Irogi, a daring and dangerous adventure, which attracted a mass attack happily driven off, while Smuts' main columns swept on through jungles and mountains over the central railway, and then far on through the southern hills, to which Northey was leading columns from Rhodesia, and a Belgian column was penetrating from the northern lakes. After most remarkable endeavours and prolonged marching the British, now largely Union troops, drove Von Lettow Forbach into Portuguese territory in November, 1917, and a few days later surprised the main German forces which surrendered to the number of 3,500. That was the end of an unparalleled campaign, of which several books might be written.

From

DICTATOR LANDS

German, Italian, and Greek News Items

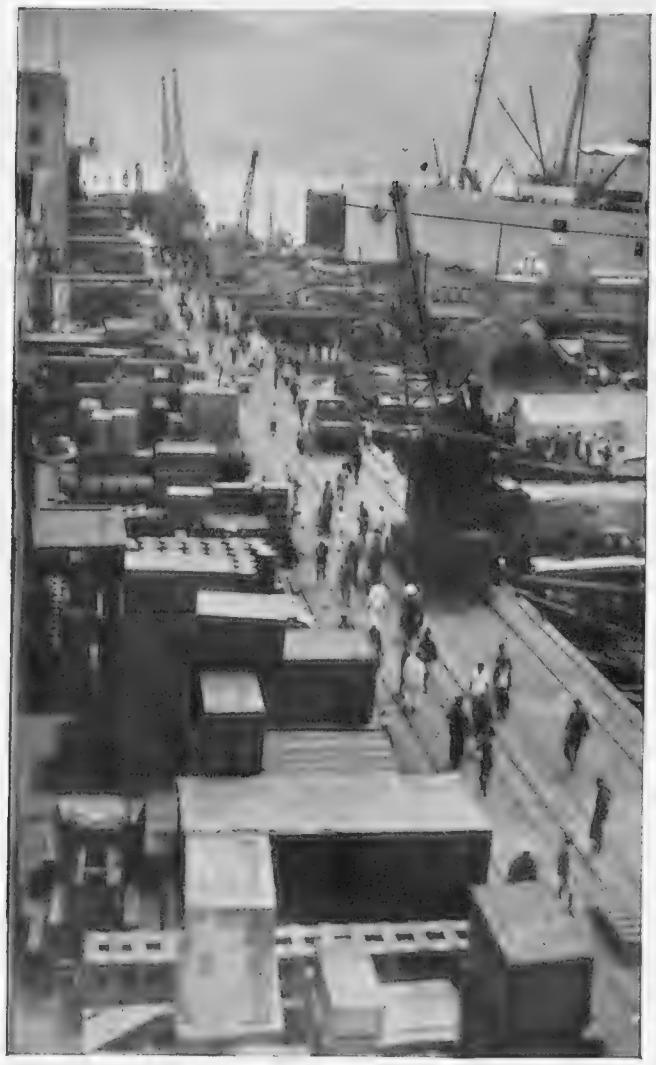
DR. GOEBBELS WELCOMES HIS NEW ASSISTANTS: The Reich Minister of Propaganda greeting State Secretaries Hanke and Dietrich on their taking up special duties in his department. Dr. Goebbels, it is expected, will play a not inconsiderable part in Austrian affairs, as, in view of what has passed, Press and propaganda relations between Berlin and Vienna must inevitably become closely knit

WHILE THE DUCE LOOKED AND LISTENED steel-helmeted troops paraded before him last week and sang the new "Hymn of the Italian Empire." Regarding the turn of events in Austria, in which he was once so vitally concerned, Mussolini took up an acquiescent attitude, and it was rumoured that he was aware what the outcome would be of Dr. Schuschnigg's meeting with Herr Hitler last week

FIVE YEARS OF POWER: Dr. Goebbels, speaking from a swastika-adorned rostrum within a garden setting and backed by a curtain bearing a representation of the German eagle carrying a sword and hammer. A picture taken as he addressed the Hitler Youth Organisation in the Berlin Radio Station on the anniversary of the advent of the Nazi regime

TO WHIP UP ENTHUSIASM for the Winter Relief Fund, a glider plane was brought into a Berlin street and the wings were used as a counter across which citizens handed subscriptions

On left—FUNERAL OF PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE: Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, King George of Greece, and the Duke of Kent (left centre) walking through the streets of Athens



WHERE TO PUT IT ALL, THE PROBLEM: One effect of the paralysing of trade in China proper is that Hong Kong's wharves and warehouses are packed to the limit with goods which were shipped to Shanghai before the outbreak of hostilities but could get no farther than the British Colony

HONG KONG CARRIES ON

A Correspondent in the Colony Describes Current Conditions There and Shows That, Apart From Over-Crowding, They Are On the Whole Surprisingly Normal

By JEAN GORDON

IT is with a slightly embarrassed feeling of heroism undeserved that we in Hong Kong reassure our friends and relations at home who deplore the discomforts and dangers they think we are enduring.

Actually, to the man and woman in the street, the chief noticeable effect on the colony of the Sino-Japanese war is a certain overcrowding.

The population in Hong Kong has increased by more than 200,000 since last August, and this increase shows itself in lack of space in hotels and restaurants, on dance floors and ferries; in difficulty in obtaining accommodation for new arrivals; in a generally increased cost of living; in a dearth of motors for hire and a rise in price of second-hand cars; and in countless other small pin-pricking ways.

In addition, a tremendous amount of hitherto unoccupied space is now being used for the storage of goods consigned to North China from Europe and elsewhere, which were shipped before the outbreak of hostilities and could get no farther than Hong Kong.

More than 500,000 sq. ft. of the Kowloon-Canton Railway reclamation ground is covered with iron goods, sleepers, spare wheels, barbed wire, and other dumped non-perishable goods. The hangars at the airport are piled roof high with barbed wire and rolls of paper. And 15,000 tons of goods, including actual locomotives, are dumped outside the warehouses of the Hong Kong and Kowloon Wharf and Go-down Company.

Most of it has been there since early September when, owing to the chaos caused by dumped cargoes and the typhoon, this company had to make a public announcement that it was unable to guarantee any further go-down accommodation for cargo consigned to Shanghai.

The disastrous typhoon of last September could not have occurred at a worse time. There were, on average, a hundred coastal ships in harbour each day, half of them lying up instead of plying their usual trade in northern waters. Every go-down in the colony was full. Ships were unloading into lighters in the stream (and paying exorbitant rates for the privilege). And the worst typhoon for thirty years chose that moment to wreak its terrible destruction.

But at least we had reasonable warning. At that time the Chinese maintained a highly skilled meteorological staff at Pratas Reef, a collection of small islands between Hong Kong and Manila. Now that the Japanese have occupied these islands, and, it is said, have damaged the instruments, we cannot get such accurate or up-to-the-minute information of the whereabouts of any approaching typhoon. Fortunately the typhoon season is over for the time being and it is to be hoped that before it starts again conditions will be better and there will be less overcrowding in the harbour.

Already the dumped goods are beginning to move northwards to Shanghai. The Shanghai evacuees have all departed from their temporary quarters at Laichikok prison and other billets; the Refugee Committee has been disbanded; and the Canton influx has largely dispersed. To a certain extent these numbers have been replaced by the Hankow and other North China refugees, but these have not arrived *en grande masse* and are being accommodated more easily.

However, hotels and boarding-houses are as full as ever, and the cost of living remains up. Some landlords have even seized the opportunity to raise their rents. But the biggest increased cost is noticeable in vegetables and fruit and other produce from the interior. The excuse is difficulty of transport. It is true that it has been less easy to move such produce by sea, and shipping freights and insurance have increased. But in spite of several hundreds of bombs the Kowloon–Canton Railway goods trains have been running up to schedule and packed to capacity, while their fares and goods charges have only been raised a few cents to cover the increased cost of coal.

The average newspaper reader might expect the Kowloon–Canton Railway to have been seriously and adversely affected by the war. Certainly there have been many damaged coaches and one or two minor casualties. The passenger expresses run regularly both ways although on a curtailed schedule. Local trains run frequently for the benefit of race-goers and golfers. The number of goods trains has if anything increased and the railway revenue is on the up grade. Two inches of rain can harm the railway more than 200 bombs. In fact, all traffic was suspended for ten days after September's typhoon, whereas it has never been held up for as many hours on account of hostilities.

All the world by now has heard of the refugee trains which have come through from Hankow to Kowloon during the last few months. The war was also responsible for the arrival in Kowloon of the first goods train from Hankow, towards the end of August, linking up the Hankow–Canton with the Canton–Kowloon Railway. Then in October came the picturesque *Capetown II*, carrying 222 officers and men from the cruiser which was left at Hankow with a skeleton complement, and several civilians anxious to reach the British colony.

The British Embassy train, which arrived on December 5, was the first train to run right through from Hankow without change of stock, followed by the *Christmas Express*. Both arrived safely, after mildly eventful journeys, making history for the gallant little Kowloon – Canton Railway.

Goods transport is still a major problem, for it is limited only by the supply of goods wagons.

The airport has not been so much affected by the war as the railway. Its chief contribution is the daily *Eurasia* plane to Hankow. And now the China National Aviation Corporation (which have had to suspend all Shanghai and Peiping services) are running a regular plane to Chungking in far-off Szechuen.

Meanwhile commerce in Hong Kong is flourishing in spite of outside troubles. The share market, of course, is temporarily disrupted, and the merchants claim to be on the verge of ruin; but they are always in the same condition!

More money is being spent on advertising and publicity than ever before, for with trade in Shanghai at a standstill firms have been allocating the whole of their Far Eastern appropriation to the British colony.

Import business is naturally not good, although the trade figures for 1937 show an increase. But these include dumped cargoes, the disposal of which is still problematical. Exports have increased, and industry is unaffected.

Local industry has been on the up grade ever since the adoption of the Imperial Preference Scheme, and there is no reason why the war should make any difference. An exception is the fishing industry, which unfortunately is more or less dead. It is said that 100,000 fisherfolk have lost their livelihood, but a good deal of this is due to panic. They are—quite naturally—far more frightened of meeting the Japs than their old enemy the pirates. In fact, one good thing that the Japanese have done for us is to drive the pirates effectively into their lairs! But at the same time they have bottled up large numbers of Chinese Customs cruisers who dare not leave colony waters.

Recently much tourist traffic has been lost to Hong Kong through shipping companies cutting out their Far Eastern calls. But this loss seems now on the mend, for the *Empress of Britain*, on a world cruise, is due in Hong Kong again in March. These tourist ships make a big difference to local retail trade, which must have been feeling the draught quite keenly; and by March the shops should have adequately replenished their stocks.

This autumn has seen a shortage of the beautiful silk undies from Shanghai which all tourists (and residents) rush to buy; but they are now coming south again. The same applies to game and other edibles from North China, of which there has been a complete dearth. These too are now percolating through once more so we are getting a welcome change of menu.

The police have felt the war as much as anyone in the colony. They have been extremely hard-worked, especially in providing pickets to watch Japanese premises and residences and prevent anti-Jap demonstrations among the Chinese.

One very noticeable effect of hostilities is the increase in the number of husbandless women in Hong Kong! —apart from the refugees. Many Army wives became grass widows when regiments were ordered to Shanghai, and the various disturbances up and down the coast lead to uncertain movements among the Fleet and consequent "lonely" wives.

However, these can be well looked after in Hong Kong. And, to strike a slightly more serious note, there is always room for helpers in the bandaging rooms and other associations for the help and succour of the wounded. Nearly every day meetings are held of voluntary members of the various medical relief associations, and an interesting medley of nationality is represented round the big tables where scissors snip and needles stitch and nimble fingers roll.

Hong Kong may seem too light-hearted in its outlook, and it certainly feels secure while Japan expends her energies in the north. But the inhabitants of this safe British colony are not slow to think of nor backward in helping those less fortunate, who have so far, directly or indirectly, borne the brunt of hostilities.

JAPANESE BOMBING ON THE KOWLOON – CANTON RAILWAY has failed to suspend the services, says the author of the accompanying article, and the only damage of any consequence has been done to rolling stock, as witness this picture

The AUSTRIA of TRADITION YET HOLDS ROMANTIC SWAY

Glimpses of Life in a Land That Has Once Again Come to The Forefront of World News With The Developing Drama of Its Political Destiny

GAY UNIFORMS, beloved of the romantic-minded Viennese, still add lustre to the scene in Austria's capital, bringing reminder of the spacious, carefree days of Habsburg Empire

On left—WELL CONTENT: A picturesquely clad patron of the beer garden with the ubiquitous chamois beard adorning his hat. *On right*—"GESUNDHEIT"!

VIENNA'S STUDENT FRATERNITY, unlike youth in some other capitals, still provides the happy-go-lucky element in national life, for the most part eschewing the field of politics

On right—THE CHARM OF THE DIRNDL: It is difficult to imagine this dark-eyed girl of Tyrol in any other costume than this that suits her to such charming perfection

The serenade before the door. A happy interlude in Austrian rural life where romance is always in the air

COURTSHIP

Even in these days when money flows far from freely the gowned elegance of Vienna's women remains notable

AUSTRIA: THE PO

The more Serious Side of Present-day Li

WITH SOLEMN CEREMONIAL TREAD: Members of the Vienna Guard marching with rifles slung and bayonets fixed. Since the spring of 1936, when Austria broke the Treaty of St. Germains, nation-wide military service has been introduced. The Chancellor made this move because Germany had previously contravened the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and also because he could rely on the army's support of his regime

AUSTRIA'S CHANCELLOR: Dr. Schuschnigg who has fought hard to maintain the independence of his country in the face of extreme pressure which reached its climax at last week's momentous meeting at Berchtesgaden

STILL A POWER IN THE LAND: Once this was the head office of the Boden-Creditanstalt, a leading Austrian Bank, and now it has a new but altogether different importance as a military headquarters. The conduct of banking and finance generally in post-war Federal Austria has been fought with extreme difficulty

UNDER THE DOUBLE EAGLE: Chancellor Schuschnigg (in uniform with hand raised) marching in a political procession beneath a banner acclaiming him. A picture taken in the very first days of his leadership. He looks considerably older now

LITICAL ANGLE

in the Land of Romance and the Waltz

AT A VIENNA PARADE: Dr. Schuschnigg talking with an officer. He has always been credited with monarchist sympathies, but any leanings he may entertain towards restoration have had to be shelved

IN HIS TENTH YEAR OF OFFICE: Dr. Wilhelm Miklas, the Austrian President, pictured with his wife and family. When Chancellor Schuschnigg returned from Berchtesgaden last week the President was faced with the dilemma created by Chancellor Hitler's demands, and in the end had no other course but to comply. Dr. Miklas was elected head of the Austrian State in 1928, and since then he has been granted further terms of office. He is sixty-five

OF THE OFFICER CASTE: Be-medalled commanders at a Vienna parade. The Austrian army has a fine tradition and, although the Republican forces dissociated themselves from that tradition after the war, it has since been revived by almost general consent

THE DIPLOMAT BEHIND THE DRAMA: Herr von Papen, the German Ambassador in Vienna, who, at the moment of his fall from power through the re-shuffle in Germany, succeeded in arranging the meeting between Herr Hitler and Dr. Schuschnigg, thus preventing a successor from reaping the reward of his endeavours

INDIA: A LIFTING OF THE VEIL

After Months of Silence the Facts of Her Present Situation Begin to Emerge

Month after month has passed by with the world's attention concentrated upon the war in Spain, the invasion of China by Japan and later on the purging of Germany's army and other matters nearer home. All the while, India has been living as best it may under the new regime of provincial autonomy. A veil appeared to have fallen between the great Asian land and students of Indian affairs at home. What has been happening behind this veil? No one till now has known with precision or else would not speak. The Indian Press would appear to have engaged in a conspiracy of silence, possibly in the name of fair play in order to give newly elected Congress a chance to show what it could do.

And now, during the past few days, the veil has been vigorously tugged aside, showing the attitude of Congress and the acquiescence of Congress-led legislatures. The following article summarises the situation.

THE Constitution recently presented to India, and to be implemented in action by a Viceroy who took a leading part in the mechanism by which it was granted, is a compromise between the collective democracy of the West and that subdivision into autonomous compartments whose working—or, at least, absence of any marked chaos—we have noted in the United States. The essence of success for either ingredient, separately—very much more where two such different elements are combined to make a hybrid whole—lies in the goodwill of the governed. For, the deadlock ensuing where self-government is presented to those who refuse to govern themselves, hardly needs stating.

The machinery by which this Constitution was to be brought into being was founded on the universal nostrum of all Governments reluctant to govern: that of "passing the buck" to the elector who, foreseeably elated by a franchise for which even in his own vernacular the Indian has no corresponding word, might be trusted to decide for himself what would be best for his safety and wellbeing. Forthwith 30,000,000 voters, to their own considerable astonishment, were by a wave of the wand materialised out of the hat; and, in the first gasp of surprise and confusion, fell into the hands of the only organised political body in India; a Congress whose avowed only object in life has been, and continues to be, that of making British rule in India impossible.

In a large majority of the newly-constituted autonomous Provinces, Congressmen secured control. Their first gesture, to sweep away even such remnants of white leadership as remained, was that of refusing office, whereby they hoped to render the new Constitution inoperative. Second thoughts supervening, they stepped into their places, and set themselves to a long-thought-out plan whereby power, and with it control of all things moral and material, should pass to them.

The Army, *ultima ratio regum*, was beyond their power. A matter of small moment, where military force, in civil disorder, is muzzled to a semi-permanent helplessness. The police however, were an easier target; and to that force Congress has addressed an appeal, outright, for transfer of allegiance from its white controllers to the party which bluntly states its intention to be the eventual master of all India.

The move is as clever as it is disturbing. For how are we, the English, to grant a franchise, to accept the consequent elected representatives, place them in authority, and then to deny them the support of a Civil Power on which—as all men know—the bare workings of government depend? Useless for us to point out that no man may say where Congress ends, and crime—always violent, in some Provinces frankly murderous—begins. Useless to stress the fact that the police—at one man to every 2,000 inhabitants, worked to death—have with difficulty secured the internment of the skimmed cream of the murder-gang. To-day, we are presented with the liberation of these criminals, and a police force whose overstrained loyalty faces the whole sorry task to do over again. For this much Congress forgets, or remembering, refuses to admit: that it is the natural dregs of a population which drift into gangsterdom; and that no amount of lip-service to "liberty" will compensate a naturally law-abiding land for the freeing of its own enemies.

Second only to the control of physical power comes the power of wealth. For centuries beyond the records of history, the Indian cultivator has been the milch-cow of the financial wits that have exploited him. The dead weight of riches in India is, frankly, incalculable. Undiscoverable, where the millionaire moneylender apes the manners and even the outward appearance of the poor. Where hoarding is, and

(*Continued on page* 352)

WHEN INDIA'S NATIONALISTS MEET: Volunteer police being instructed how to use their staves in preparation for the annual gathering of the Congress Party, the venue this year being at Haripura. Squads thus equipped are essential, as the crowds are always formidable

POLITICS ARE THIRSTY WORK: Earthenware jars stored in readiness at Haripura for the annual meeting of India's Congress Party at which the provision of food and drink for the numerous delegates and other visitors presents a real catering problem. What the Party has been doing in India since it came to power forms the subject of an article in the left hand column of this page

A MIGHTY CHURCH PARADE: A picture taken at the National Eucharistic Congress of the East lately held in Madras when some 60,000 Roman Catholics took part in a most elaborate series of religious celebrations

EXTREMIST CALCUTTA IS AGITATING for the removal of this memorial marking the site of the small guard room, since known as the Black Hole of Calcutta, where 146 British victims of Sirajah Dowlah were imprisoned on June 19, 1756, only 23 surviving the ordeal. It is claimed that there is not sufficient evidence to prove the facts recorded in most history books

NEWS OUT OF INDIA

"BELLS ON HER TOES"

Footwear of the Women of India

MODERN Miss India is quickly realising that up-to-date Western footwear, especially evening slippers or sandals, make a very attractive ensemble with the *sari*. These delicate contraptions seem particularly to suit her in spite of their being a foreign fashion; and it is no wonder that, not only abroad but also in India, the Western mode of footwear is becoming increasingly popular for Indian women.

Can one ever forget that beautiful creature, a vision in soft colours and softer folds, seen at a reception the other night? Tall and graceful, her long, black tresses coiled loosely in the nape of her neck, with fragrant jasmine nestling in them, and silver ear-drops peeping shyly from half-disclosed ears, her silver sleeveless blouse gleaming beneath her star-spangled, transparent, saxe-blue *sari*, and her tiny silver sandals coyly revealing tinted toes beneath her flowing drapery—she was, indeed, a creation of exquisite beauty. Yes, the Western evening slipper or sandal undoubtedly becomes the *sari*, and during the day-time also—the modern maidens of India, who are daily leading more and more active lives, are beginning to realise that the serviceable types of shoes used abroad are indeed a comfortable and useful mode of footwear, even in sunny, hot India.

BEJEWELLED FROM HEAD TO FOOT: A richly-clad but unshod woman of India. Anklets are a favoured item of feminine adornment

The bare-footed daughters of India, however, are still more numerous than those who luxuriate in the wearing of shoes. Though we are told that it was said in one of the ancient, sacred books of India that all those who wished to protect themselves should wear leather shoes, yet, owing to the dire poverty prevailing among working classes in towns and villages, women tread along the sun-baked streets of India mile upon mile without any kind of footwear.

The lack of any artificial restraint to the feet does not, strange to say, make the Indian woman any the less graceful. On the contrary, her natural poise and easy manner of walking seem to be accentuated; and, as Otto Rothfield says in his book, *Women of India*, "The step of the Indian woman walking is a thing of joy. It has in it nothing of the mincing awkward shuffle or of the disgracious manly stride. But at her best, see her walking in the country villages, where her frame is trained to a graceful poise by the constant carriage of water-pots balanced on her head, as she steps unshod down the dusty lanes or the sloping banks of the river."

PERFECT CARRIAGE: A graceful and beautiful representative of Indian womanhood

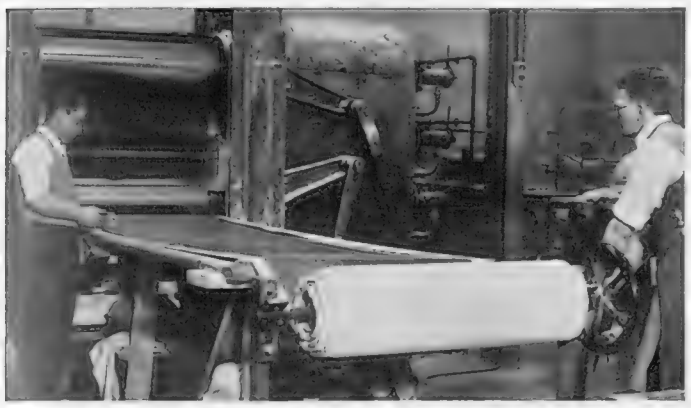
It is not only the poor women of India who go unshod; but among the rich also, many an orthodox maiden disdains the wearing of shoes, partly because she does not go out too much, and partly because temple-worship requires that women should go barefoot to offer their worship to their God. How beautiful, however, are the feet of these maidens! In Bengal, the soles are tinted a bright red, and in many places henna stains are seen on dainty toes. Silver rings on the toes and jingling anklets are still to be met with among more conservative and exclusive families; and, as in days of old, when the civilisation of India was said to have surpassed that of almost any Western nation, the orthodox maiden can still be said to be decked with "bells on her toes." References to such are constant in ancient literature.

(*Continued on page* 358)

GAS MASKS *for the* MILLION

26,000,000 of Them Are Ready for Emergency Use but the Problem of Equipping the Children Remains to be Solved

JUST A FEW OF THE 26,000,000 CIVILIAN RESPIRATORS which have so far been completed under the Home Department's scheme to equip the whole population to meet air raid emergencies. These particular ones were made at the rubber factory on Streatham Common

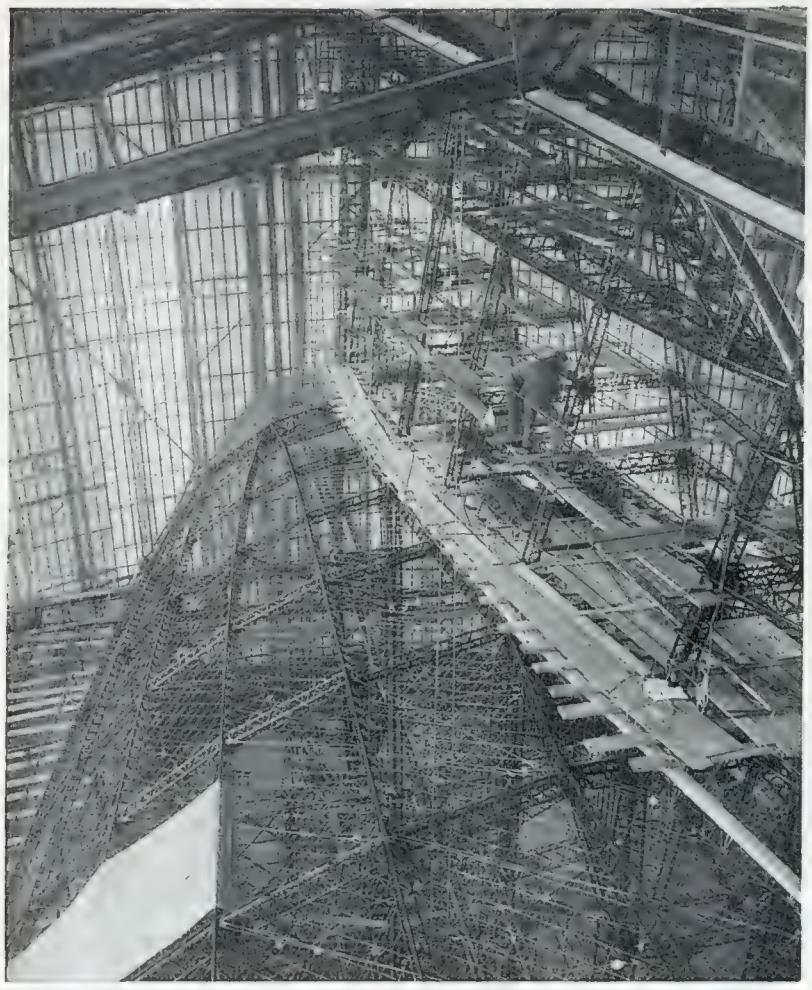


THE ENDLESS BELT MASS PRODUCTION SYSTEM in operation at the Streatham Common rubber works where gas masks are being turned out at the rate of 80,000 a week, a figure that amounts to about one-eighth of the total output in the country at the present moment. *On left*—Rubber being reeled off a machine prior to galvanising and making up into gas masks

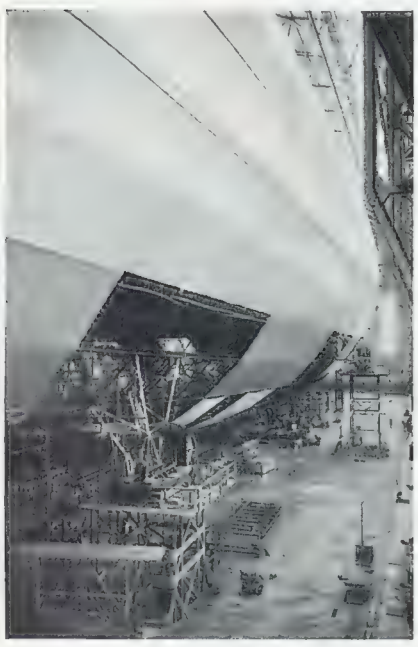
FULL SPEED AHEAD IN THE SEWING DEPARTMENT: Girls assembling masks at the rubber factory on Streatham Common. Of the existing stock of 26,000,000 respirators, over 9,000,000 are at present stored in the London area and, in order to ensure that they do not deteriorate, special precautions are being taken. Ultimately local authority will provide storage, and the stores will be so arranged that speedy distribution in time of emergency is ensured. There will be masks for every adult member of the population, including, it is believed, a modified type for the bearded but the question of providing for tiny babies is as yet unsolved

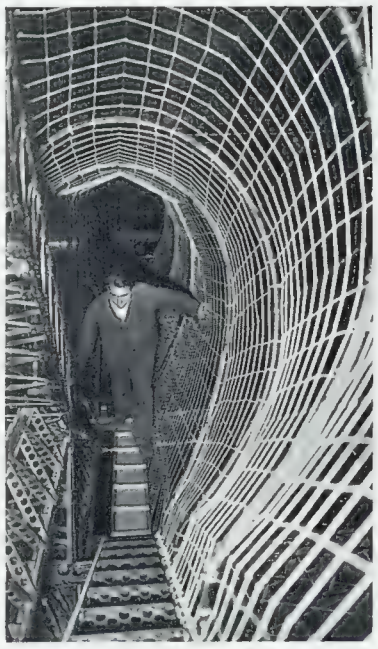
GERMANY'S HELIUM ZEPPELIN

Nears Completion at Friedrichshafen on the Shore of Lake Constance

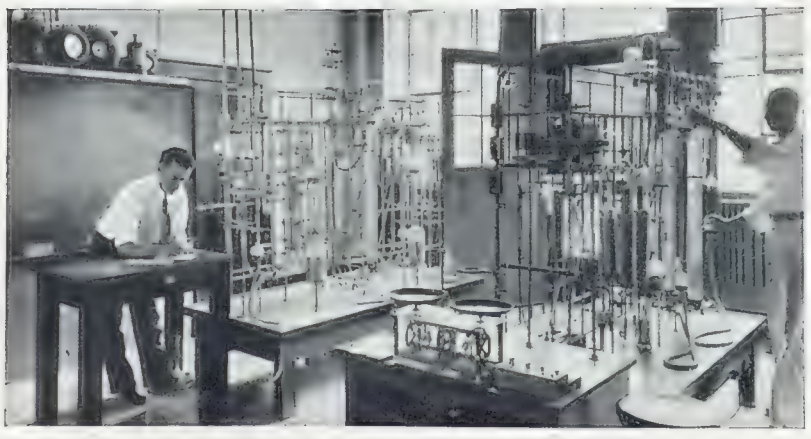


THE "HINDENBURG'S" SUCCESSOR TAKES SHAPE: A glimpse of the stern framework of the LZ 130, the as yet unnamed Zeppelin which is now nearing completion at Friedrichshafen on the shore of Lake Constance and will take the place of the ill-fated craft that crashed to its destruction some time ago at Lakehurst, New Jersey. The new monster is to be filled with helium, supplies of this costly non-inflammable gas having been obtained from the United States

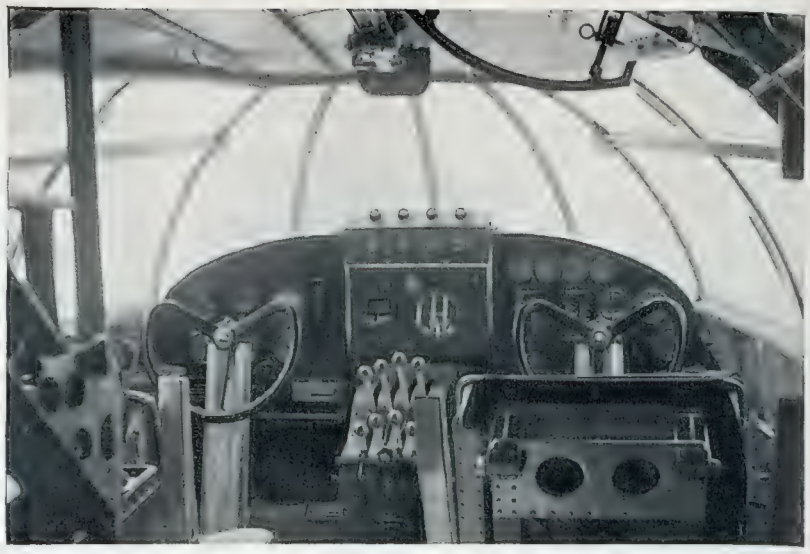




SYMBOL OF A NATION'S FAITH: Despite the *Hindenburg* tragedy Germany still retains her belief in the dirigible, pointing, as justification, to the wonderful and prolonged series of flights of the *Graf Zeppelin*. These two pictures of the LZ 130 show (*left*) the framework partly covered and (*right*) a catwalk within



GAS WORTH A ROYAL RANSOM: The analysis room at the plant of the United States Bureau of Mines at Amarillo, Texas, where America obtains her helium, drawing it from a 50,000-acre tract known as the Cliffside Gas Field. Germany, as noted above, has bought supplies from this source for her new dirigible, and has doubtless had to pay very heavily for it. The expense is deemed well worth while however as it ensures an infinitely greater degree of safety for passengers



WHERE THE CAPTAIN AND HIS FIRST OFFICER SIT: The "bridge" of an Imperial Airways Short flying boat showing the complicated system of controls with which they have to deal when piloting their ship. A detailed description appears below

INSTRUMENTAL FLYING

How The Modern Air Line Pilot Navigates — The Vital Importance of Radio

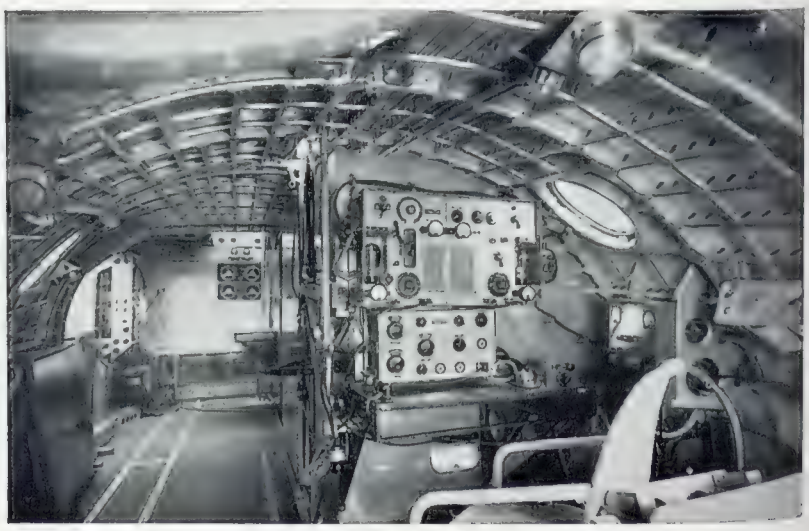
THE accompanying pictures of the crew's quarters on the upper deck of the giant Imperial Airways Short Empire flying boats give an idea of the complications connected with the flying of modern airliners. Besides being a fine pilot with at least 2,000 hours in the air behind him (probably more like 5,000 hours) the Captain must be a skilled technician. As can be seen, there is hardly a square inch of space on the "bridge" to which some gadget or other is not fixed, and he is directly or indirectly responsible for the working of them all.

The Captain sits in the left hand seat of the two shown in the picture of the dashboard, his first officer in the seat on the right. Between them can be seen the four levers which control the throttles of the 950-h.p. engines, and beneath them, four smaller levers which adjust the petrol mixture at varying heights of flight. Still farther beneath them is visible a small lever which operates the automatic pilot. On the top of the central panel on the dashboard are four push-buttons which work the electric self-starters, and beneath each of them are the engine switches. The lower half of this central panel houses blind flying instruments and knobs for adjusting their sensitivity according to whether the plane is flying in rough or smooth weather conditions. The central dial in front of the captain's seat is the gyro by which he flies on a steady course. On the left is the sensitive altimeter, and the vertical instrument on the right is the level which tells him whether he is flying level or not when "blind" in fog or cloud. The four dials in front of the first officer's seat show the oil pressure of each engine, and the vertical instruments beneath them are the engine revolution counters.

THE KEY TO ACCURATE NAVIGATION: The direction-finding loop aerial, which is standard on all Imperial Airways Short flying boats. By rotating this till he hears in his earphones signals from a known station at minimum strength, the operator can judge its position in relation to his own plane

Wireless plays almost as important a part in air line operation as engines, and the large Marconi short and medium wave receiving and transmitting sets can be seen in the picture at the foot of this page of the upper deck looking aft from the cockpit to the ship's office. On the far bulkhead are four comparatively large wheels. These are the petrol cocks, more reminiscent, perhaps, of steam valves in the engine room of a ship. Folded against the bulkhead on the left is the navigator's charting table.

A vital part of the radio equipment is the loop aerial seen in the smallest picture. By rotating this in such a way that he hears in his earphone signals at minimum strength from a known station, the operator can read off its direction. By determining the direction of two or more stations he can get a "fix" and thus obtain his position to within a few miles, even though he may have been out of sight of the ground for some hours. Normally this aerial is kept out of the air stream in the manner shown in the photograph, but when wanted for use, it is raised up through the gap in the roof that can be seen above it.



THE UPPER DECK OF AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS SHORT FLYING BOAT showing in the foreground the large Marconi short and medium wave receiving and transmitting sets by which the ship keeps in touch with the land throughout its flight

A MIGHTY TERMINUS: The palatial, balconied, 600-ft. hall of the new main building at Le Bourget, Paris, which, since the re-construction work, has become one of the world's best equipped airports. The place has been built with an eye to the future, the accommodation being planned on a considerably larger scale than is at present required. Approximately 100,000 passengers a year pass through Le Bourget, 70,000 of whom travel on the London-Paris route

LE BOURGET BUILDS BIG

The Great Airport of Paris Reconstructed to Meet the Needs of the Future

On left—LE BOURGET'S "STATION MASTER": M. Girardot, Commander of the Airport. *On right*—Coats of arms representing various cities which are linked, or eventually will be linked, with Le Bourget. They adorn the exterior of the modernistic terminal building. Constructional work is still proceeding at the airport, a big hotel being on the way towards completion

RARE TAPESTRIES *in the* NEWS

An Important Acquisition at the Victoria and Albert Museum: Stolen Gobelins Turn up in Cleveland, Ohio: The Metropolitan Museum Given a Fine Mortlake Set

THE SURREALIST TOUCH: The odd, hairy, human figures and wildly fantastic animals, one of which has cloven forefeet and webbed hindfeet, are curious and dominating features of this rare tapestry which has recently been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum. It originally came from Lucerne and is typical Swiss mid-fifteenth-century work in its more light-hearted mood. The vitality of the drawing and the harmony of the colouring are both noteworthy

RETURN OF THE WANDERER: This Gobelin tapestry, depicting Penelope welcoming Ulysses home to Ithaca, is one of a series of six, valued at a total of £40,000, which were stolen about six years ago from a warehouse in New York, and have now turned up in dramatic circumstances in Cleveland, Ohio. Since their disappearance, the tapestries would seem to have passed through many hands, and a heated legal battle over their ownership is now proceeding in the American courts, a Mr. Francis Zimmer and a Mr. George Ebenger, who declared they received the tapestries in payment of a debt, contesting the replevin writ granted to the warehousemen from whom they were stolen

SOLD IN NEW YORK: A rare French Gothic hunting tapestry which was recently auctioned at the American Art Association—Anderson Galleries. It formerly belonged to the late Edith Rockefeller McCormick, of Chicago, and is a very fine example of early sixteenth-century work. Dominating the scene is a wattle fence with a traceried iron gate enclosed by pillars of elaborate design. Inside the enclosure is a fountain in which ducks are swimming, and outside hounds are bringing a wild boar to bay. The tapestry is very similar to a series, of slightly earlier date, which were presented in 1935 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and which came originally from the Château de Verteuil, Angoulême, the ancestral estate of the famous La Rochefoucauld family

THIS SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH MORTLAKE TAPESTRY has lately been presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by Mr. Christian A. Zabriskie, and apparently illustrates one of the final incidents of the Trojan War in which Cassandra falls victim to Agamemnon. The Greek is shown astride a spirited white charger ready to ride off with the unwilling prophetess. *On the right* is another tapestry from the same series entitled "The Destruction of Niobe's Children," and it has also been presented to the museum. The two works are from a set of eight called "The Royal Horses," which was made at Mortlake for Henry Mordaunt, second Earl of Peterborough

JUNKS OF THE CHINA SEAS

Trading Vessels and Floating Homes

WITH FORESAIL, MAINSAIL, AND MIZZEN SET: This three-master, in Hong Kong harbour, is better equipped from the sail point of view than most Chinese junks

This junk, with the lug sail and high poop typical of its kind, also carries a bowsprit and a jib, rare refinements in the East

A very tattered and bedraggled specimen with a lug sail, in all but its owner's eyes, long past its period of usefulness

LUG SAILS

New and Old

MOORED FOR GOOD: Big junks in Canton harbour with their decks roofed over with thatch to provide homes for Chinese families, a large proportion of whom live afloat in this populous seaport where the standard of living reaches such a low ebb. Farther north in Shanghai the river population earns a scanty livelihood by collecting flotsam and jetsam in the Whangpoo, and as soon as a big ship drops anchor it is a common sight to see the salvage boats dashing out to take up strategic positions opposite the vessel's main garbage chute. Most of the junks in use to-day are far from seaworthy by Western standards

SPEED THE KEYNOTE: Members of the gun crew standing beside a pneumatic-tyred 18-pounder, and in the background the tractor used for hauling it into firing position. A typical Artillery unit of Britain's modernised army, the mechanisation of which has been proceeding apace and is now well on the way towards completion

HEAVY BUT MOBILE

A 6-in. howitzer and the six-wheeled tractor now used for hauling it into action. The latter's tyres are heavily ribbed to prevent skidding on muddy terrain

A MECHANISED BATTALION

Caterpillar tractors and motor cyclists travelling in advance of wheeled qu
The first named are similar to the Mark III Light Dragon (illustrated in "T
fitted with a Ford V-8 engine and capable of speeding at 60 m.p.h. on level

'S HORSELESS ARTILLERY

A New Series of Pictures of Our Highly Mechanised Forces

DRIVING INTO ACTION: A tractor with accommodation for the crew, the ammunition limber, and, trailing in the rear, an 18-pounder field gun of the horseless Artillery. *On left*—A balloon-tyred 6-in. howitzer and its attendant crew

The gun crew taking up firing positions when operating one of the Artillery's big 60-pounders. Note the knife edge which digs into the ground, lessening the effect of the recoil

A FORMIDABLE 60-POUNDER

d gun tractors of a mechanised battalion. in "The Sphere" of February 12) which is level ground when hauling limber and gun

A light tank travelling over uneven ground. The driver, with headphones, occupies a position beneath the turret

POTTED POWER

LONDON'S SWIFTLY CHANGING FACE

Two Inns Survive, but Other Noted Landmarks Disappear

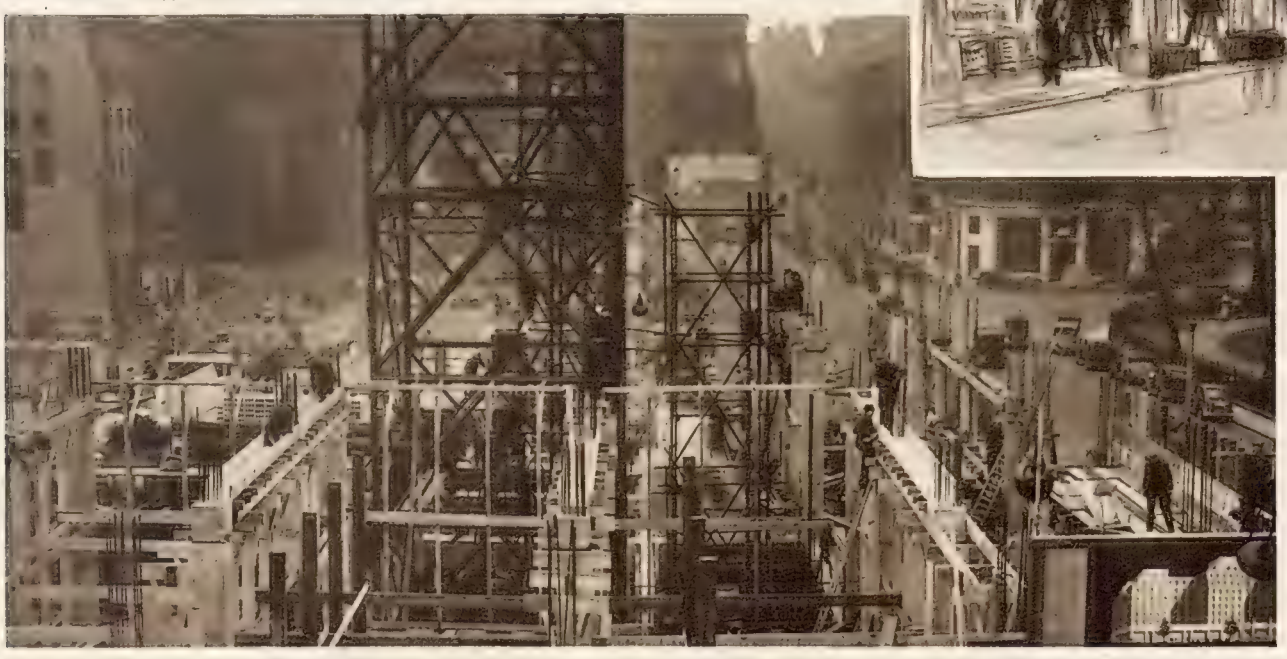
RENOVATING THE GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK: Men at work on the façade of the famous coaching hostelry in the Borough High Street, which has lately passed into the hands of the National Trust. All its traditional features are being preserved, but the structure is being generally strengthened

VANISHED SAVILE PLACE: In this drawing Kenneth Steel gives a glimpse of a once familiar site in the West End that has lately been tackled by the housebreakers. To the right of the building in the centre, once occupied by the Alpine Club, is shown Savile Passage, a narrow, tunnel-like footpath which linked up with Mill Street, Conduit Street

REPRIEVE FOR THE TRAFALGAR TAVERN: This famous Greenwich inn is not to be demolished as originally rumoured, but it is to be converted into six residential flats. The various rooms each commemorate great naval officers or British triumphs at sea, being named Nelson, Hardy, Hawke, Howe, Vincent, and Trafalgar. The dining-room resembles a man-o'-war

Drawn by Percy Home

"WHO CAN HAVE A MANNER THAT HAS NEVER SEEN THE PANTHEON," Oliver Goldsmith made Mrs. Hardcastle say in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Sadly enough that self-same Pantheon, in the eighteenth century the resort of London's intelligentsia, is fast disappearing from its site in Oxford Street, and, as this drawing shows, only the pillars of the famed portico now remain. It was opened in 1772 and used for concerts



On left—THE NEW BERKELEY SQUARE: On the east side, where until last year stood charming 18th-century London residences, is now rising rapidly a mighty monolith of concrete

FINE FEATHERS: *Contrasts in American and Australian Bird Life*

MAKING UP HIS MIND

When this white and rust coloured Colorado rough leg hawk found a dead rabbit, he paused over his prey for some time before making up his mind to eat. This type of hawk has a magnificent array of speckled breast feathers

THANK YOU! Wise bird that he is, "Old Mose," a pelican well known to deep-sea fishermen off San Diego, California, hovers conveniently over the deck in order to snatch a dainty morsel when accompanying a boat to the fishing grounds. *On right*—MEET THE WHISTLING DUCK: This strange specimen from Port Darwin recently arrived at Melbourne

Just fifty years ago John Boyd Dunlop, by making the first practicable pneumatic tyre, revolutionised road traffic. Cyclists first benefited from the new luxury, but for every type of road vehicle DUNLOP Tyres were soon the vogue. Mechanically-propelled carriages were now possible. In a few years' time Fashion began to abandon the phaeton for the automobile. The motor car had arrived. A new era had begun. It was the direct result of the invention of DUNLOP Tyres—to-day, as ever they are supreme.

1938 DUNLOP 50 YEARS OF GROWTH

C.F.H.

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. SP., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD. ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON S.W.1

NEW YORK'S TRAFFIC TUNNEL: A view of the new Lincoln Tunnel connecting mid-town New York and Weehawken, New Jersey. Another instance of New York's great efforts to tackle its traffic problem

NO PARKING! 40th Street, New York City, usually jammed with stationary cars, now presents this almost deserted appearance due to a new no-parking rule

THE SHOVEL BRIGADE: Clearing the snow from the main London–Folkestone road at Lenham after last week's blizzard, which seriously impeded traffic

WHERE TO PUT THE ENGINE

As Ever the Major Problem of the Industry's Pioneers

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I WAS asked the other day by one of those studious motorists, who seem to worry more about what is going to happen than what has happened, if I thought that the design of cars in ten years time will have radically altered from what it is at the moment. His questions were undoubtedly prompted by having had a run in a car having the power unit in the back. Anyone, of course, can allow their imagination to run wild and lay down with great emphasis what the car of the future will look like, but I do not propose to do this, but rather confine myself to just one aspect of design. In the majority of cars to-day the engine is placed right in front and the power it develops is transmitted down almost the entire length of chassis and is then conveyed to the road wheels by means of bevel pinions or worm and wormwheel, which are used principally to turn the power round a right angle.

Anyone with just a smattering of engineering knowledge must agree that this lay-out is far from being perfect. The first question to be asked is, "Why place the engine in the most forward position if you wish to drive the car through the back wheels"? A second query would be, "why make the power, as it were, turn a corner," and thirdly, "why not have the engine as close as possible to whichever wheels are to be used for pushing the car forwards." In the very early days of motoring the engine was frequently placed at the back, and I think the chief reason why it became the orthodox practice to place it in front of the driver was because there was continual trouble through leaks and breakages in the long piping and tubing which led from the engine to the radiator, the latter, of course, being placed in front in order to be cooled more effectively. With the engine in front and the radiator only a few inches away this trouble from leaks was cured. I am not going to discuss the other reason for the forward position but it was connected with unsprung weight. Having placed the engine in front, during the last five or six years we have pushed it even more forward because we find that it is taking up valuable space.

I think everybody knows that if you drive one of two bevel pinions with a 100 h.p., there is no known way of making the second deliver the 100 h.p., that went into the first. By careful design and the most expert workmanship the loss in the power going round the corner can be reduced to a very small fraction but it never disappears. Regarding the third query if we have the engine in front then, surely, we ought to make that engine drive the front wheels rather than those at the rear.

The car of the future, therefore, in my opinion will be propelled along by the front wheels if the engine is placed in a forward position and, if the back wheels are to be used for the drive, then the power unit will be situated at the back of the vehicle.

Of these two layouts I think I personally prefer the former, although in adopting it the front wheels, whilst conveying the power, have also to be used for steering. This introduces a complication, but we have already several cars on the market built to this design and they appear to be quite satisfactory. True, we have also had cars where the engine is placed behind the rear seats and in turn drives the back wheels, but taking all things into consideration this arrangement does not seem to be quite so popular as the other. The driver, of course, with the engine behind can be given a much better view ahead, but I rather fancy that the average motorist likes to have a heavy unit, such as the engine, in front of him in case he is involved in a collision. If we ask the coach-builder which of the two designs he prefers he will undoubtedly ask us to put the engine, the gear box, and all the transmission right in front so that everything behind the dashboard is free of obstruction for him.

Last week I was mentioning in these notes that there were many subsidiary noises which nowadays are a nuisance but which were drowned by the engine in the early days. A correspondent suggests that I omitted to mention the self-starter. My reader is perfectly correct, and I suppose the only reason why it escaped my notice was that once the engine is started even the worst starter is silent. Surely, in these advanced times we ought not to be condemned to listen to that unpleasant mechanical noise which makes itself heard every time we press the starter button. There have been starters and, so far as I know, they gave every satisfaction, where the motor was in constant engagement with the crankshaft. Instead of having an electric motor and, in addition, a dynamo, to generate current, we were given a dynamotor which performed both tasks.

To-day I have such a starter on my Morris Navigator engine fitted to a cruiser. It has never given me the slightest trouble and is dead quiet in operation. Undoubtedly, there must have been some drawbacks arising from this design as applied to cars but if there were surely the knowledge the engineers in our big factories possess to-day would enable them to overcome such difficulties.

Last year we are told that more people visited this country than ever before, and it is safe to assume in consequence that we had a greater influx of foreign motorists than during any previous year. Such visitors, if they are to enjoy their motoring, must be provided with really informative signposts. Lately, there has been great activity in the signpost world. More and more signposts have been erected, and the new ones have, I think, without exception all been placed in the correct position. I am not at all certain, however, that the information they give is all that could be desired.

For instance, only the other day I noticed some new ones in Putney Vale and one of these pointed with great prominence to Wandsworth. I suppose some people may want to go to this district but I fancy that most motorists coming up the Portsmouth Road and getting as far as Putney Vale will be looking for the West End of London and so to a stranger Wandsworth would convey practically nothing. If this signpost read "London, via Wandsworth," its utility would be immeasurably increased.

That there were nearly 1,300 more taxicabs than private cars in Piccadilly during a period of four hours on a recent Tuesday when the weather was fine and the roads dry, is one of the interesting facts which have come to light as the result of observations taken in London by the Automobile Association. It will be recalled that the Police Census of Traffic in London which was issued a short time ago grouped taxicabs and private cars in the same category and that the combined figure represented 38·4 per cent. of all the vehicles then recorded.

The A.A. observations were taken at four points, Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Victoria Embankment and at the northern end of the Sutton by-pass, a typical London exit, with the object of assessing the comparative density of car and cab traffic and the census was confined to these vehicles. The times of the observations in each case were 9 a.m. to 10 a.m., 1 p.m. to 2 p.m., 3 p.m. to 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 7 p.m.

IN A PARLIAMENTARY SETTING: Two of the latest Ford products, the new Eight saloon, and in the foreground the latest V-8 Twenty-two. The Houses of Parliament in the background lend added beauty to the scene

At Oxford Street during the four hours 2,626 vehicles passed the census point, 1,469 private cars and 1,157 cabs of which no fewer than 984 were disengaged. The Piccadily figures showed that out of a total of 5,049, taxicabs actually numbered 3,172 and that of these 2,365 were without passengers. At Victoria Embankment, 3,707 private cars and 1,236 taxis were observed. Here it was not possible accurately to distinguish between hired and vacant cabs owing to the periodic density, but it was obvious that the majority carried passengers, Only 3 cabs (all hired) were recorded at the Sutton by-pass and 1,983 private cars.

It is significant that if the Sutton by-pass point is excluded and only the three Central London thoroughfares considered the comparison is 7,063 private cars to 5,565 taxis.

WALT DISNEY'S "SNOW WHITE" COMES TO TOWN

THE STAR WITHOUT TEMPERAMENT: All America has fallen in love with Walt Disney's little heroine (seen here exploring the dwarfs' house) who plays the lead in his full length, animated cartoon version of Grimm's famous fairy tale *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* which came to the New Gallery Cinema on February 24, after achieving an instant success on the other side of the Atlantic. Sceptical Hollywood, that had wondered whether a fairy story could have enough suspense to hold an audience through seven reels, was convinced that Walt Disney had done it again when the picture was presented in the film colony

GRUMPY LIVES UP TO HIS NAME: *Left*—Snow White, who acts as housekeeper to the dwarfs, inspects their hands before dinner. Grumpy refuses to show his, however, and (*on right*) he is seen seated at the table, determined to eat without washing. Walt Disney has given each dwarf in the picture a decided character

DOPEY, A LOVABLE, SLIGHTLY CRAZY FELLOW, is the most appealing of the seven dwarfs and *on the left* we see him watching Doc at work in the mine, and *on the right* he is shown trying to hide in his friend's beard, evidently being afraid of something. *Below on left*—Snow White washing the palace laundry for her wicked step-mother, the Queen, and (*below on right*) watching for her lover, the Prince

DRAMA IN LON

Marie Tempest Has an Easy Task in "Mary Goes to See": "Julius Caesar" in Modern Costume Proves Box-Office on Broadway

By PHILIP PAGE

THE play at the Haymarket Theatre which Queen Mary went to see is a worthy vehicle for the genius of Dame Marie Tempest. I would not put *Mary Goes to See* much higher than that, for it is a vehicle rather than a play. What it does do is to give yet another opportunity to our greatest comedienne to prove the fact, and to provide a pleasant, though not hilarious, evening for all and sundry.

If the play carries any lesson at all, it is that to be an apostle of spiritual and mental uplift can be a mighty uncomfortable business for all concerned, and that virtue does not necessarily bring its own reward or even deserve one at all. Mary, in the person of Dame Marie, had a hunch that all was not well with her brother Stephen, living in Connecticut and married to an American woman. So she crossed the Atlantic on a voyage of domestic discovery and it did not take her five minutes to discover that what was wrong with Stephen was his wife, a posturing and platitudinous creature, a mixture of Mrs. Hominy and Mr. Pecksniff.

Mary's description was shorter than this and no less apt: the monosyllable which denotes the female of the canine species brought down the curtain on Act I and snapped through the historic auditorium of the Haymarket in spite of the august presence in a stage-box. From all appearances royalty on this occasion was saying, and was certainly indicating, that "we are amused."

That the cards were all in favour of Dame Marie who just had to be witty and easy-going and generally adorable in the face of puritanical priggishness (and infernal humbug as well) is not to suggest that she did not play them inimitably, and rescue in double-quick time her nephew, her niece, her niece's fiancé, and her brother from a peculiarly odious form of matriarchy with an art which is exquisite in every gesture and intonation. But Miss Gladys Hanson, as that lemon of a woman, her sister-in-law, had a harder task, not solely because it was such an unsympathetic one. The type is possibly more frequently to be met with on the other side of the Atlantic, where the middle-aged female is more given to addressing public meetings and to talking to her own family as if they were gathered round her platform.

Both before and after she was ousted from that platform Miss Hanson showed herself to be an actress of remarkable subtlety and power. That the last act had melodramatic touches which struck an incongruous note was no more her fault than that the first scene was uncommonly dull and long-winded was Dame Marie's. This is, to repeat, an uneven play. But 'twill serve.

Mr. Campbell Gullan made a brief appearance in a mauve dressing-gown and wearing a fair, tawny beard, so fair and so tawny that I wondered why he was later referred to as a dark-haired man. There were three attractive young folk with the most attractive sort of American accent—Miss Carla Lehmann, Mr. Thorley Walters, and Mr. Dan Tobin. And Mr. Barry Jones, after being well and truly pecked by a most obnoxious hen, was emancipated in time to give us a taste of his true gift of comedy.

"Black Swans."—From the *George and Margaret* and *French Without Tears* stable is *Black Swans*, presented at the Apollo Theatre by that gallant sailor (and very able actor), Commander H. G. Stoker. The Commander recently told me that he considered theatrical management more perilous than his war-time experience in a submarine in, on, or under the Dardanelles. The answer to that is—not when one is concerned with a play as amusing as *Black Swans*.

It is, as may be gathered, all about a talkative family. What that family did did not amount to much and what they talked about I quite forget, except that it made me laugh very much indeed. There was a certain Guy Willoughby, played with nonchalant charm by Mr. Richard Bird, who was a novelist who didn't like smart parties but did like whisky and pubs and concerts and tinkering about with the wireless. His wife was a bit of a cat and he kissed his pretty secretary, which, I suppose, means that he was a bit of a cad.

Mr. Charles Lefeaux performed the difficult feat of making a humourless prig both amusing and lovable, and Mr. Roger Maxwell—another fine performance—worked a similar miracle as a pompous bore. This is the first play I have seen with two Miss Stewarts in it—Miss Sophie Stewart and Miss Marjorie Stewart, and both were excellent. Miss Hilary Eaves has personality and prettiness in abundance and the intelligence to make the very best of both in what I wished had been a bigger part. Miss Thea Holme also deserves full marks.

Mr. Maurice Colbourne has produced this witty effort by Mr. Geoffrey Kerr and has secured the polish and sense of style which are so necessary. Yet is it witty? I doubt whether any one line in it would give the effect of wit on the printed page. But the dialogue is so easy and so light and facetiousness is so blessedly remote, that the audience chuckles and keeps on chuckling. A most diverting example of the nonsense which is not so nonsensical as it may seem.

"Faust" at the Albert Hall.—*Faust*, prime operatic favourite of yesteryear, has long been banished from Covent Garden. No longer are those snappy numbers, the "Soldiers' Chorus" and the "Jewel Song" hummed and whistled. But Gounod's "best-seller" has now reappeared in pageant form.

DON AND NEW YORK

GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES: A NEW PORTRAIT by Veronica Haigh of this clever actress. Her latest part is in Tchehov's *The Three Sisters* presented at the Queen's Theatre in the John Gielgud season. She has now graced the stage for twenty-seven years, having made her London debut in 1911. One of her finest roles of recent years was Elizabeth in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*

Now pageant-opera and pageant-oratorio have hitherto been hybrids hardly to my liking, though *Hiawatha* was rather fun in its way. Pageant-opera, in particular, is apt to be neither pageant nor opera, since careful musical production tends to handicap the pageantry and, on the other hand, if the producer goes all out for pageantry the music almost inevitably takes second place, and a bad second at that.

However, *Faust* at the Albert Hall shows, thanks to the cleverness of Mr. T. C. Fairbairn, a successful compromise, which might be described as spectacular music-drama. The music, as could be anticipated, is somewhat swamped by the drama in the scenes which concern individuals. Two people singing "at" each other in those vast spaces are apt to suggest a duet on the main departure platform at Paddington station. Only in the ballet could individuals, and one individual in particular—Miss Alice Markova—excel; since whereas it is difficult to get the attention of the audience focused on a singer singing away in front of a background of myriads, a dancer can usually catch the eye in any circumstances.

But the crowd work, done on a really handsome scale and devised with great skill, was most impressive. The "Soldiers' Chorus" really did suggest an army on the march and not the same meagre gathering of "supers" wandering round a piece of scenery time after time in an attempt to give a multitudinous touch. The cathedral scene, too, was finer than any in an opera house and that not only because no opera house in the world can boast an organ of the size of that in the Albert Hall.

The singers did well, on the whole, in face of fierce and unavoidable obstacles. Mr. Ben William's Faust is familar; he has the perfect tenor quality. Mr. Harold Williams made a picturesque Valentine and sang with magnificent spirit, whether or no inspired by the fact that the occasion was St. Valentine's day. Best of all was the Marguerite, Miss Thea Phillips, whose beautiful Eva in *Die Meistersingers* is a pleasant memory.

"The Broken Jug" (Film).—The Berkeley Cinema is quite one of the most delightful little theatres in London, and is now showing a new German film which is appropriately little. Perhaps rather too little. For *The Broken Jug* suggests the sentimental-cum-coarsish Germany of silly mechanical clocks and much drinking of wine, and stolid peasants, and the humour of odd eructative noises. Strange to find Herr Emil Jannings in such unambitious stuff, though he sees to it that triviality is rarely present.

This seventeenth-century much-ado-about-nothing is the tale of a peasant woman's valuable jug which is broken by some mysterious intruder. Almost the whole of the film (which is by no means little in the time sense, for it lasts an hour and a half or so), is occupied by an inquiry by the mayor of the village (Herr Jannings) and a visiting judge into the identity of the culprit. It is soon obvious that this is the mayor himself, who is ducked in a pond and loses his job. The photography is good and Herr Jannings' hypocrisy, deceit, and finally consternation are amusing enough. But this German beer is decidedly small beer.

Shakespeare on Broadway. — Of all silly theatrical fads, that of playing Shakespeare in modern costume has always struck me as about the silliest. There is no legitimate reason for it except economy, and that never is the reason.

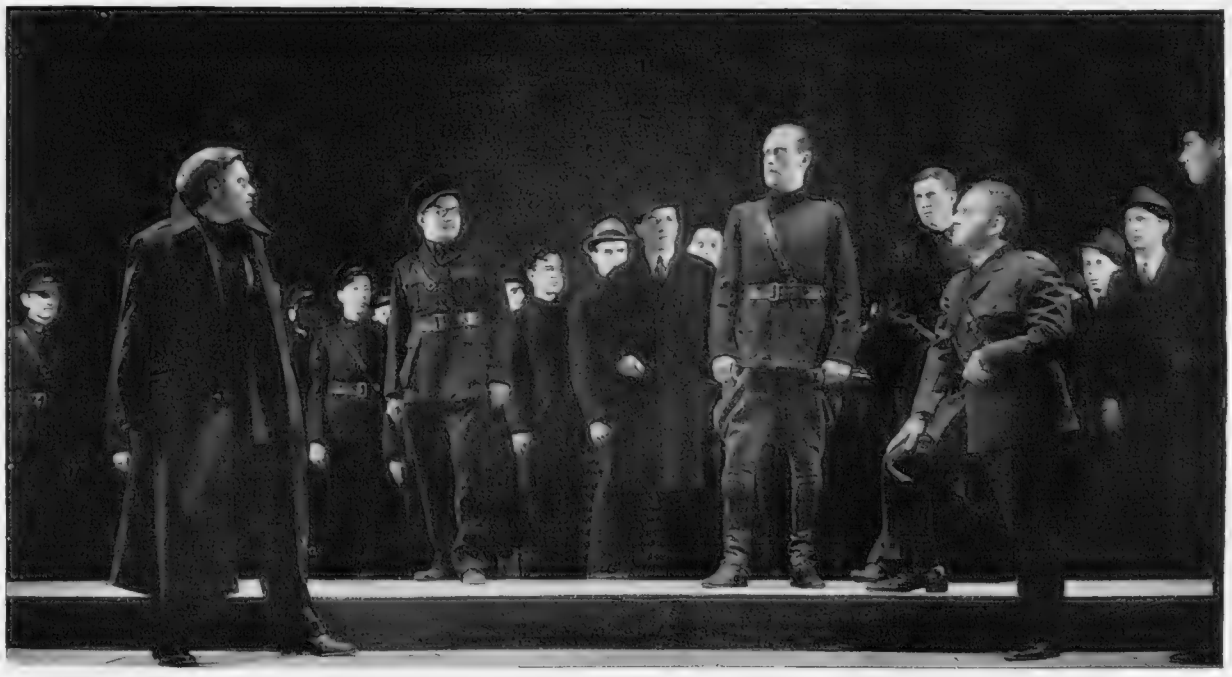
Prominent among the stock arguments in favour of the process is that David Garrick used to appear in Shakespeare wearing the dress of his own period and looking, in the character of Hamlet or Macbeth, like Charles Surface. Garrick was a great man, though not infallible, and it would be waste of time to inquire into his reasons for doing so. That does not alter the obvious fact that there is little, if any point, in repeating in the twentieth century the mistakes of the eighteenth century.

The above is mainly my personal opinion, though I venture to think that there are those who share it. In New York, however, there are many who do not, since one of the big successes of the Broadway season is *Julius Caesar* in modern dress, produced at the Mercury Theatre by Mr. Orson Welles, who is only twenty-two. That he is old enough to know better is, again, a matter of opinion. From the commercial view he is justified, for the box-office is busy; moreover, that astute and experienced man of the theatre, Mr. C. B. Cochran, saw this production and declared on his return to London that he was mightily impressed and that he contemplated inducing Mr. Welles and his modernised Shakespeare to give us Londoners a taste of their quality.

From one (not Mr. Cochran) who looked on this Broadway *Julius Caesar* with enthusiastic approbation I have gathered some interesting details. Mr. Welles takes, it seems, no liberties with Shakespeare's text. Good. But the order of the scenes is changed and the play is shortened so drastically that it runs for only 1 hr. 45 mins. Not so good. Mr. Welles's "most challenging task was the cutting of the text, paring it to the bone, stripping away any language that might date it, leaving only the forceful speeches intact. His second, and equally stupendous, task was ridding the actors' diction of that pontifical unction that invariably descends on *anyone* speaking the sacred words of the Bard."

(Continued on page 352)

"IT IS NO MATTER, HIS NAME'S CINNA; PLUCK BUT HIS NAME OUT OF HIS HEART, AND TURN HIM GOING": Soldiers and citizens set on the poet, mistaking him for one of the conspirators. An episode from Act III of the modern dress version of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* which has been presented with success at the little Mercury Theatre, New York, under the direction of Orson Welles. Through extensive cutting the play is reduced to a run of 1¾ hours and the deletions, mostly of passages tending to date the piece, have the effect of rendering the dialogue unbelievably modern, so much so that the audience gains the impression that the scene is set in a contemporary dictator country



"YET IN THE NUMBER I DO KNOW BUT ONE THAT UNASSAILABLE HOLDS ON HIS RANK, UNSHAK'D OF MOTION; AND THAT I AM HE": Caesar boldly answers Brutus (wearing long coat), Cassius, and the other Senators when they appeal to him for the release of Cimber. A dramatic moment in New York's modern dress version of *Julius Caesar* which has taken Broadway by storm and is being acclaimed as one of the big successes of the season. Joseph Holland as Caesar strikes the keynote of the production by looking and acting like a present-day dictator. The play is presented without scenery, the only aid to dialogue and dress being the employment of striking lighting effects. Philip Page gives his opinion on this page, inveighing on principle against the production of Shakespeare in this manner

FIGHTING THE FENLAND FLOODS

What Has Been Done in a Year of Effort—The Urgent Need For State Funds—The Treasury Holds Its Hand

DISASTER CHECKMATED: Hundreds of volunteers struggled in the howling wind to rush 8,000 protective clay bags into the breach made at this point near Denver Sluice, their efforts eventually succeeding in averting a repetition of the widespread flooding that took place last year, drowning so many rich acres

NEARLY a year has now gone by since the Cambridgeshire fens, comprising thousands of acres of England's most fertile and productive land, were threatened with one of the most destructive floods in the country's history, and the first anniversary of the peril, combined with the fact that last week further damage of a like nature was threatened, is an appropriate time to review the events of the intervening period and to cast a glance into the future to see what still remains to be done to ensure a reasonable measure of safety for the population.

Consolidation work on the river banks has proceeded steadily throughout the year, rivers in the South Level between Littleport and Denver have been dredged, and an army of men are working to strengthen the great Middle Level Barrier Bank under a scheme which is estimated to cost a sum of over £39,000. In the coming spring work will be commenced on what is known as the Marsh Cut scheme which will make for an improved channel from King's Lynn to the sea for several miles through a clay bank.

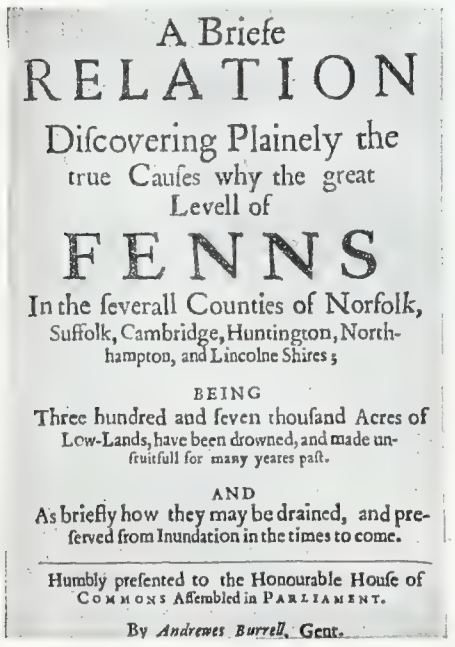
Much, then, has already been done to relieve the fens from the peril of their age-old enemy but still more remains to be done and it is in this connection that the fenmen are displaying considerable anxiety. The experts are agreed that the country can never be counted safe until the problem of the outfall of the River Great Ouse into the Wash has been properly tackled. Yet a week or so ago the responsible authority, the River Great Ouse Catchment Board, announced their inability to proceed with this major work unless more financial help is forthcoming from the Government.

A DANGER POINT: Men spreading a protective clay covering on a bank at Welches Dam, Mepal, near Cambridge, where flooding is always expected

During the last few years they have strengthened the old stone training walls into the Wash and extensions to these walls have been made on both sides of the river. But the outfall is constantly changing, the sandbanks constantly shifting, and although the working of a model of the river set up at Cambridge has enabled much to be learnt about these changes still more remains to be learnt, and there is always the possibility that even after the expenditure of some millions the remedy may not be complete and further expenditure may be necessary.

The Catchment Board have always maintained that they cannot finance any big scheme below King's Lynn unless a much larger proportion of the cost than the 75 per cent. which has been offered is borne by the State. The outfall scheme is estimated to cost between £4,500,000 and £6,000,000 and the Board claim that they are unable to raise without further assistance the other £1,000,000 or £1,500,000 which would fall to their share, or, indeed, to raise a loan at the ordinary market rates. Considering that the annual loan charges on a loan of even £1,000,000 would be about £70,000, which is more than the Board's annual income from precepts on County Councils and internal drainage boards, there is a good deal to be said for their attitude.

In short, they maintain that the large capital expenditure necessary for dredging and other works in the outfall and the Wash should be a national charge, and have undertaken, if the Government will accept that contention, to proceed energetically to deal with the whole of the main river. The Government have so far not accepted and there, for the time, at any rate, the matter rests. The Board's quarrel, it should be emphasised, is not with the Ministry of Agriculture, from whom the greatest help has always been forthcoming. The quarrel is with the Treasury, and until the dispute is settled the safety of the fens can never be really assured.


A Briefe
RELATION
Discovering Plainely the true Causes why the great Levell of
FENNS
In the severall Counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Huntington, Northampton, and Lincolne Shires;
BEING
Three hundred and seven thousand Acres of Low-Lands, have been drowned, and made unfruitfull for many yeares past.
AND
As briefly how they may be drained, and preserved from Inundation in the times to come.
Humbly presented to the Honourable House of COMMONS Assembled in PARLIAMENT.
By *Andrewes Burrell*, Gent.

On left—"IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE SAME": The title page of a book published in London in 1642 giving an account of the causes of flooding in Fenland. For centuries, it seems, the people of this region have faced the problem created by their low-lying situation

SNOWDROP TIME AGAIN . . . .
A beautiful mid-February display beneath an old tree in the churchyard at Dormington, a Herefordshire village

OVERCOATED IN SNOW . . . .
Sheep at Bexley, Kent, pictured after a recent fall in the district. Most of them lay down to gain warmth from the ground

THE PETRIFIED FALLS . . . .
The searching sunlight probes into the translucent depths of a stilled Perthshire waterfall, its beauty holding climbers spellbound

THE MERCILESS POUNDING OF THE NORTH SEA: *Above and on right*—Two instantaneous camera impressions, taken within a few moments of each other, showing giant waves beating against the end of the North Pier at Tynemouth. The pier takes the full onslaught of the sea, in so doing protecting the mouth of the Tyne and giving shipping a smooth passage. Its massive slabs of Aberdeen granite at times find it difficult to withstand the strain, however, and every summer divers have to go down and repair the damage to the foundations

WAVES THAT REALLY BREAK

The Vicious Power of the Sea

PLAYTHING *of the* STORM

Railings torn away and masonry dislodged on the parade at Margate which endured the full onslaught of the recent gales. A picture taken after the seas had subsided

WANDERING BRIMS

Sailor with a Roll.—A large shallow-crowned sailor in black baku, the rolled edge and the upper side of the brim faced with gros-grain. A cluster of field flowers is attached to the hair-band and is worn just under the brim. This hat comes from Swan and Edgar

Scoop-brimmed Breton.—A charming Breton, very flat at the back, with a forward tilted brim upturned at the edge, and a trimming of petersham. It comes from Gorringes

Tiger-lily Rampant.—Here is a perfect all-occasion hat in black gros-grain, with tiger-lilies to give it a splash of vivid colour. This is a second model from Swan and Edgar

Cousin to a Tricorne.—Not a true tricorne, but one of the family, this black cirá straw hat is trimmed with a white bird and with a veil which hangs in a long end at one side. It is a copy of a Patou, at Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

What Other People are Doing

QUEENSBERRY RULES WITH A DIFFERENCE: Frank Hough, the cruiser-weight boxer popularly known as "The Fighting Hussar," posing for his portrait to the Marchioness of Queensberry (Catherine Mann) who will probably include the picture in her forthcoming exhibition in London. Hough in extraordinarily quick time has earned the reputation of being a colourful fighter and the regularity of his appearances at the National Sporting Club has won him a wide following. For some time past he has been seen in action once or twice a week while sandwiched in between have been lucrative stage engagements

PAND-ERING TO HIM! Mrs. Ruth Harkness, the explorer widow of an explorer, feeding from a milk bottle the baby giant panda which she had brought to Shanghai after effecting its capture in little-known country on the borders of Tibet and China. This is the second example of this rare species to be secured alive by Mrs. Harkness. The panda's markings are extraordinary, it is half white and a black saddle runs over its shoulders, down over its forequarters to the toes of its forefeet, while the hind legs, the ears, the tip of the nose, and the eyes are also black, thus heightening the incongruous effect

A STITCH BETWEEN TIME: Mary Astor (left) and Joan Blondell provide a distinctly domestic touch in a Hollywood studio as one makes a needle point chair cover and the other knits socks while waiting to face the cameras. They are co-starring in a picture

SCOTS-SWEDISH ALLIANCE: Mr. G. L. Williams-Andrews of the Seaforth Highlanders, with his bride, Mlle Marianne Strindberg, great-niece of the famous August Strindberg, posed for this picture after their wedding in Stockholm. The honeymoon is being spent in Switzerland and Yugoslavia

"I NEVER FELT SO NERVOUS IN MY LIFE" said Miss Gracie Fields (right), in words reminiscent of one of her popular songs, as she left Buckingham Palace last week after receiving her C.B.E. from the King. Accompanying her were Miss Harriet Cohen (left), the pianist, and Mrs. Fyfe (centre), who presided over last year's Conservative Conference

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

RICHARD ALDINGTON PROPOUNDS the TRAGI-COMEDY of RETIREMENT

A Novel That is Far from Deep, but Full of Humanity and Broad Humour

By VERNON FANE

MR. RICHARD ALDINGTON has done a new novel which seems to have given him a lot of pleasure to write, for, in spite of the trials and tribulations of John Mason Reeves, the hero of his novel SEVEN AGAINST REEVES (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), there is a broad good humour about the delineation of his character, as well as a happy issue out of all his afflictions.

For Reeves is very much a type—as national a type as Strube's well-beloved Little Man. Mr. Reeves had worked hard and conscientiously all his life; and was, like many thousands of his kind, looking forward to the day when he could retire with his modest competence and cultivate his garden.

The day arrived; the day which for him meant freedom, when his time would be his own, and life one succession of glorious Saturday afternoons. But no. For years and years he had been accustomed to rise at 7.30, and to catch the same train. On this Monday morning he thought he might lie in for a little longer; perhaps even have breakfast in bed. But no. The routine of the household, which had been geared to his comings and goings at certain set times, could not be disturbed, even though he had retired. Mrs. Reeves, his family, the household staff, all began to take a hand. Even when, in desperation, he goes to the local golf club he finds the place deserted, and the old familiar Saturday afternoon faces not there.

Moreover, Mrs. Reeves has social ambitions; and, with a foot-loose husband to cart around, and add strength to a presence in certain directions which would otherwise be unwelcome, she sees her opportunity and, with the help of a social thruster named Hawksneetch, she begins.

Thereupon Reeves is caught up in a whirl of activities in which cocktail parties, interior decorators, and travel parasites play a great part. No matter how much he kicks, Reeves finds himself caught up at every turn, landed with "art" treasures he does not want, living in de luxe hotels in foreign places he detests.

There is only one thing to do, and the little man does it. It is a fine piece of comedy, shot through with some brilliant satire upon certain aspects of modern social life. Some of Mr. Aldington's work has had a greater profundity, but none with more humanity, understanding, and broad humour than this delightful tale.

Explorers to-day are apt to be young men or young women who conceal great physical endurance under an appearance of light-hearted sophistication, travel with unconventionally slight equipment, and astonish their elders by the nonchalance with which they both approach and describe in retrospect their remarkable feats.

The latest of these enterprising ladies and gentlemen is Mrs. Ruth Harkness, who has achieved an all-time record by setting out to discover an animal which had never been taken alive and when dead only by the combined skill and prowess of two of the Roosevelt family. As for Mrs. Harkness, so little was she prepared to trail this particular prey, or indeed any, that when someone mentioned the Giant Panda to her a few months before the start of the expedition, she answered, with excusable derision, "You mean Giant Panther, don't you?"

However, she came to know the beast by its real name and character, and to be interested in it. When the expedition fell to her lot in tragic circumstances, Mrs. Harkness determined to go to China, penetrate into its hinterland and bring back a fine healthy Giant Panda.

With no experience of China, of trapping or even of shooting, Mrs. Harkness started out with a very small party, in which she was not only the one woman but the one Westerner, and in scarcely more time than one might take over a summer holiday, had returned to Shanghai with her booty, alive, kicking, and in a fine state of repair.

What adds a certain piquancy to the story is that the panda, which was and is indisputably of the genus Giant, was all the same a very small animal, in fact a baby panda who needed bottles and a nannie as vociferously as any three-month-old baby. Mrs. Harkness constituted herself nannie to it brought it back to civilisation in fine fettle, and sailed for America, the heroine of a unique story of adventure.

In THE LADY AND THE PANDA (Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.) the expedition is described in the homeliest detail: "the miracle of the sun coming over the mountain, and . . . that other miracle, trying to put on a pair of pants in a sleeping-bag." The photographs of the little creature are enchanting—a kind of rue de la Paix tree-bear it appears to be, though by now it may have grown into something lustier in its Chicago Zoo.

At any rate an animal well worth discovering and a book equally worth reading.

A title with a faintly Jules Verne flavour announces a book on the making of one of the most effective of recent films. 200,000 FEET ON FOULA (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Michael Powell's account of how he and his actors and cameramen made *On the Edge of the World*, with the help of the local islanders and in spite of the local elements. At one time, indeed, there was an idea that in the place of the usual "credit" titles that precede films, this one should bear the words, "made in spite of," and that every contrary force should then be listed.

For a long time Mr. Powell had had the idea of making a film of the true story of the evacuation of one of the lonelier northern islands. His first choice was St. Kilda, but when that proved impracticable he settled on Foula, an island almost impossibly remote, even from the Shetlands.

His site chosen, and his actors engaged, the little band set out for their "location," to make the acquaintance of the most persistent of their enemies—the wind. It blew night and day and week in and out; it held up supplies, delayed the filming, and cut off communications. It soured tempers, hampered photography, and featured as Public Menace No. 1 in the story of the party's adventures.

Finally, however, the film was completed, the last thirty scenes (surely a record of its kind) shot in one morning of faint but authentic sunshine, and the boat sailed for the mainland with its exhausted, triumphant passengers.

The photographs, as one has a right to expect, are magnificent. Many of them are printed in that new and effective way which dispenses with margins and succeeds in making a commonplace print into a startlingly good study, and all in all, they compensate for any of the moments when Mr. Powell's genuine but limit-enthusiasms might be in danger of palling on the strictly average reader.

As British consul Mr. Ernest Hambloch has seen thirty years' service in some of the most unrelated parts of the globe. Before the war he was in Rio de Janeiro, at the outbreak of the war in Ragusa and Venice, during the war in Switzerland, and subsequently back in Brazil where German activities not only kept him busy, but gave him an invaluable insight into the political life of that country.

Perhaps the most memorable thing about BRITISH CONSUL (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Hambloch's reminiscences of Roger Casement. He knew that strange man well in the period when Casement was Consul-General at Rio not long before the war, and talks of him with more understanding than is commonly accorded him. "There was nothing evil about Casement," he writes. "What he lacked was a sense of proportion. A sense of humour might have saved him from many things, especially from taking himself too seriously. He was, constitutionally perhaps, incapable of enjoying life with gusto. But a gust of laughter might have been his salvation. As it was, he was the saddest of God's creatures: an Irishman without a sense of humour."

Later, from his headquarters in Venice, Mr. Hambloch was able to keep an eye on the neighbouring Austrians, but that had its lighter moments, as when he happened on an Austrian newspaper which accused Mr. Asquith of playing tennis in Hyde Park with the Bishop of London while others laid down their lives amid shot and shell.

Mr. Hambloch has kept a quizzical eye on the events of whichever world he was in, and the result is a book not without humour and with some refreshingly outspoken opinions on contemporary politics.

One opens a biography of MADAME CURIE (Heinemann. 18s.) with the thought that so noble and great a life cannot be too easy a task for any biographer. For Madame Curie was not only the greatest woman of her time, but probably of all time.

This biography has been written by her youngest daughter Eve Curie, and translated into English by that distinguished American Mr. Vincent Sheean. Very naturally, it does not follow the classic lines of English biography, but if the emotional pitch seems at times to be a little high, and if the descriptive matter occasionally takes on the ring of fine prose, we must admit that the story does not suffer therefrom.

Madame Curie, with her husband, was the discoverer of radium, and the title of her last book (severely called *Radioactivity*) is enough to indicate how by that discovery the whole history of the world was changed. Twice a Nobel prize winner, she held every known scientific degree, diploma, and medal. A Pole by birth, daughter of an impoverished noble family, all her learning and her scientific knowledge was won in the hardest of schools, attended by dire poverty, where the fruits of her work and her achievements were needed for food. "I looked at her tired face, worn out by nearly half a century of care and immense toil. And I thanked the destiny which, before it dictated this woman's austere and inexorable summons, had allowed her to follow by sleigh after the wildest *kuligs*, and to use up her shoes of russet leather in one night of dancing." Such is the human touch of a brief moment in the life of one dedicated to humanity.

England, we may be pleased to know, was the first country after France to honour the Curies; and in June 1903 they were officially invited to lecture to the Royal Institution on radium.

WHEN THE SCENT RUNS STRONG: One of the striking drawings contributed by Isvester Lloyd to Peter Wood's book, *Thoughts on Beagling*, which has just been published by Country Life and forms a fine introduction to this sport. It is priced at 7s. 6d.

IN SATIRIC VEIN: Two more sketches by Isvester Lloyd from Peter Wood's *Thoughts on Beagling*. *Left*—"A Helpful Field." A commentary on those who regard the sport as a form of hiking, with plenty of rests in between, and take no interest whatsoever in the art of hound work. *Right*—"Information—Useful if it had been Intelligible." The harassed huntsman listens as he runs to the garbled directions of a bystander

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INDIA: A LIFTING OF THE VEIL

(*Continued from page* 332)

open investment is not. But money there is, in quantities past telling. The rich man, wherever found, will gladly pay for the protection which his own unwarlike nature fails to secure him. And Congress, when at last it has succeeded in proving that it is the only remaining effective force in the land, will have at its command a contributed money-power in measure past counting.

All these things Congress knows. For the moment, it is digging itself in; the patience of the East is proverbial.

Disraeli, once, in a well-remembered phrase, declared that the key of India lay in London. And yet, within recent memory, Lord Zetland, speaking in the House of Lords, defined with unexpected frankness our abdication of that key position. For, said he, under India's new Constitution, it is inherent that Westminster may not even ask for information from the autonomous Provincial Governments which it has called into being. The point at issue was that of rioting and murder at Lucknow.

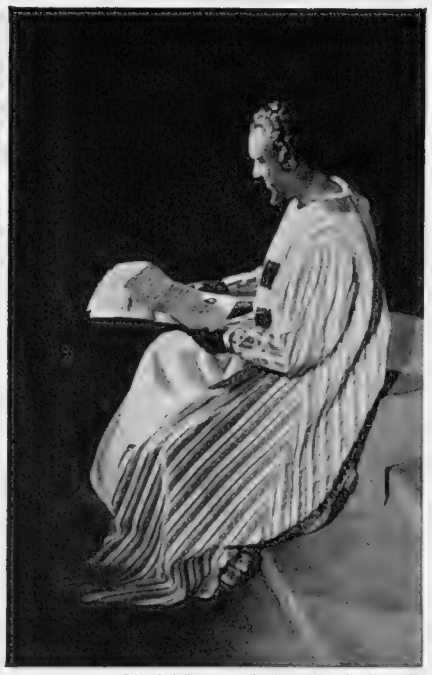
"Mauser"

DRAMA IN LONDON AND NEW YORK

(*Continued from page* 345)

So Kean and Phelps and Henry Irving and Forbes-Robertson spoke the sacred words of the Bard in hopelessly wrong fashion, poor ignorant souls. Sad is it to think that they passed on before they could receive the necessary instruction from Mr. Welles, who is himself an actor and, according to the same eulogistic New York correspondent, "plays Brutus with a maturity and depth that belie his round, boyish face; the lofty dignity of his bearing is further accentuated by a plain navy blue lounge suit and a stiff white collar". So all who wish to accentuate the lofty dignity of their bearing now know what to wear.

"Welcome Stranger."—Mr. Harry Green, a brilliant Jewish comedian, who, like Smee, can make all children, and adults also, find him lovable, was a welcome stranger when he made his first appearance in London in *Welcome Stranger*, not long after the war. He, and the play, have returned and are now at the Saville Theatre, neither of them in the least the worse for wear. Mr. Green's waist-line and his fame have both grown, and the story of the kindly Jew who was at first cold-shouldered in a little American town but who beat down all prejudice until he became a popular benefactor is an effective piece of sentimentality, so well laced with humour that it is never slushy. Mr. George Elton (a survivor, I think, from the original cast), Miss Marjorie Mars, Mr. Percy Parsons, and Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb give able support.



Special SPHERE *pictures by A. Console*

"OTHELLO" REVIVED AT THE OLD VIC: *Left*—Anthony Quayle as Cassio, Curigwen Lewis as Desdemona, and Laurence Olivier as Iago. *Right*—Ralph Richardson in the title role. The production has been well received but, as Philip Page pointed out in his review on February 19, the casting of the principals was not very well advised

Gilbert and Sullivan at Streatham Hill.—The D'Oyly Carte Company's season is now in full swing at this theatre, and the following are the operas arranged for presentation between now and March 5. February 26—*The Mikado* (matinée) and *The Yeomen of the Guard*. February 28—*Trial By Jury* and *The Pirates of Penzance*. March 1—*Patience*. March 2—*Iolanthe* (matinée) and *The Gondoliers*. March 3—*The Yeomen of the Guard*. March 4—*Princess Ida*. March 5—*The Gondoliers* (matinée) and *The Mikado*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BARKER.—HIDDEN. By H. C. Armstrong. 7s. 6d. A. & C. BLACK.—THE MOST NOBLE AND FAMOUS TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO WITH THE TRAVELS OF NICOLO DE CONTI. Edited from the Elizabethan Translation of John Frampton. By N. M. Penzer. Second Edition. 18s. CAPE.—OVER THE FRONTIER. By Stevie Smith. 7s. 6d. THE PRODIGAL PARENTS. By Sinclair Lewis 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—THE GOLD COAST YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By Paul Redmayne. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. FLYING FOX AND DRIFTING SAND: The Adventures of a Biologist in Australia. By Frances Ratcliffe. Illustrated. 16s. COLLINS.—THE SILVER SICKLE CASE. By Lynn Brock. 7s. 6d. THE WIND AND THE WATERFALL. By Robert Gathorne-Hardy. 7s. 6d. NORTHWEST PASSAGE. By Kenneth Roberts. 9s. 6d. CAN LADIES KILL? By Peter Cheyney. 7s. 6d. NORTHERN DEEPS. By Lawson Luard. 7s. 6d. STRANGERS. By Claude Houghton. 8s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—"FURTHERMORE". By Damon Runyon. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—THE BOY DAVID: A Play in Three Acts. By J. M. Barrie. 5s. and 7s. 6d. THE LADY AND THE UNICORN. By Rumer Godden. 7s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—THE HOUSE WILL COME DOWN. By E. F. Sinclev. 7s. 6d. THE ANTS' NEST. By M. de B. Daly. 7s 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—THE TORRINGTON DIARIES: Containing the Tours Through England and Wales of the Hon. John Byng. Edited by C. Bruyn Andrews. Vol. IV. 18s. FABER & FABER.—200,000 FEET ON FOULA By Michael Powell. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. CRIME AND THE COMMUNITY. By Leo Page. 12s. 6d. HARRAP.—BRITISH CONSUL: Memories of Thirty Years' Service in Europe and Brazil. By Ernest Hambloch 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE SUMMING UP. By W. Somerset Maugham. 10s. 6d. MAURICE BARING. By Dame Ethel Smyth. Illustrated. 15s. AND IN THE DISTANCE A LIGHT . . .? By Manuel Chaves Nogales. 7s. 6d. DEAD MAN CONTROL. By Helen Reilly. 7s. 6d. I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE. By Jerome Weidman. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON MAIN ROAD. By Diana Darling. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—A PASSPORT ROUND THE WORLD. By Charles H. Holmes. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

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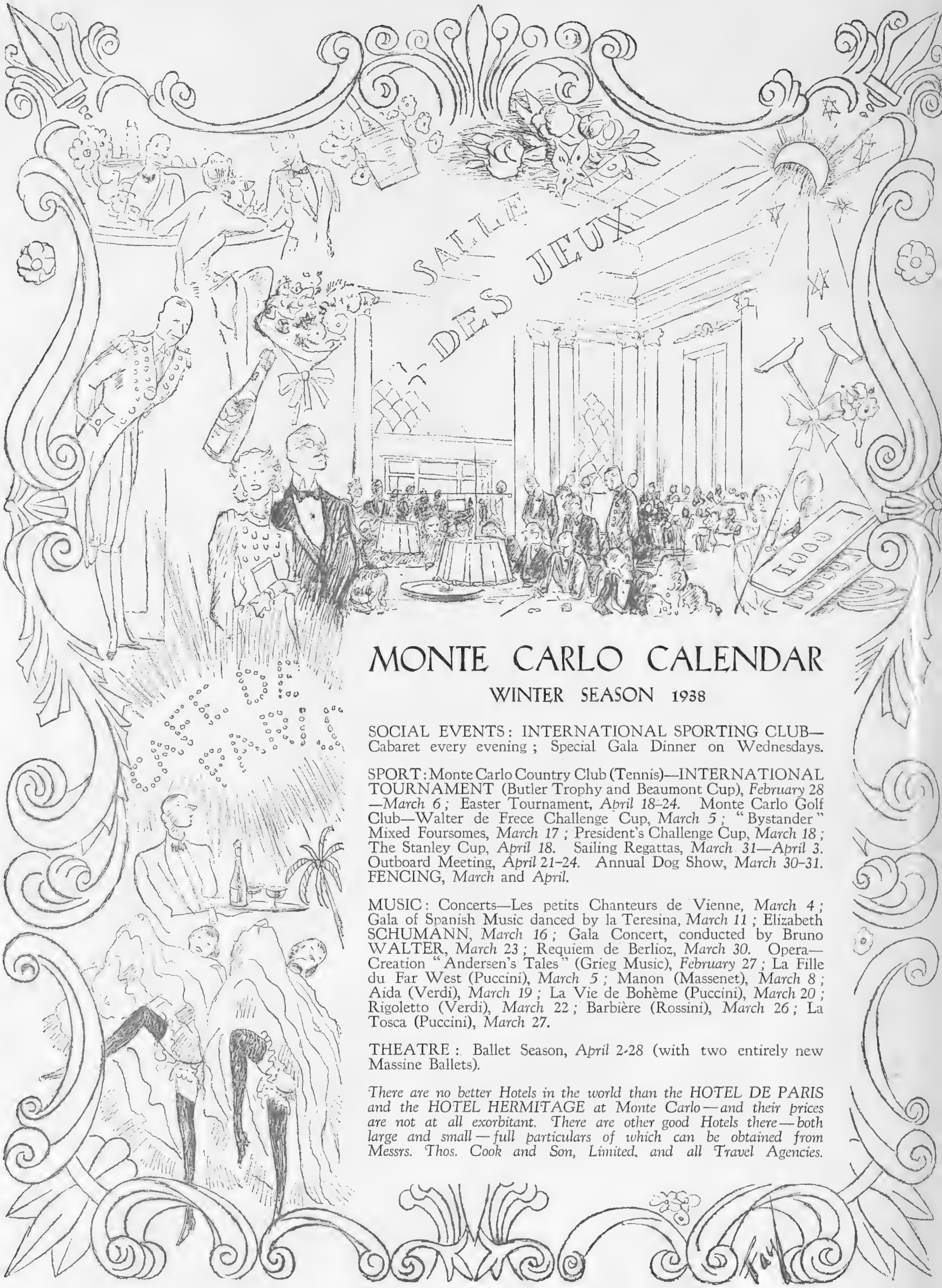

MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

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SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—Cabaret every evening; Special Gala Dinner on Wednesdays.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis)—INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6*; Easter Tournament, *April 18–24*. Monte Carlo Golf Club—Walter de Frece Challenge Cup, *March 5*; "Bystander" Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*; President's Challenge Cup, *March 18*; The Stanley Cup, *April 18*. Sailing Regattas, *March 31—April 3*. Outboard Meeting, *April 21–24*. Annual Dog Show, *March 30–31*. FENCING, *March* and *April*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Les petits Chanteurs de Vienne, *March 4*; Gala of Spanish Music danced by la Teresina, *March 11*; Elizabeth SCHUMANN, *March 16*; Gala Concert, conducted by Bruno WALTER, *March 23*; Requiem de Berlioz, *March 30*. Opera—Creation "Andersen's Tales" (Grieg Music), *February 27*; La Fille du Far West (Puccini), *March 5*; Manon (Massenet), *March 8*; Aida (Verdi), *March 19*; La Vie de Bohème (Puccini), *March 20*; Rigoletto (Verdi), *March 22*; Barbière (Rossini), *March 26*; La Tosca (Puccini), *March 27*.

THEATRE: Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets).

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ROMANCE *by the* BALTIC SHORE

Estonia, a Little Republic with a Stirring History, Scenic Beauty, and a Superb Architectural Heritage

Estonia as a travel-land, though within quite easy reach of Britain's shores, deserves to be better known, and the accompanying pictures, illustrating its romantic architecture, will doubtless come as a surprise to many. The following article tells something of the history of the country, touching particularly on the stirring events which such a short while ago elevated it to independent State-hood, making possible its present era of prosperous contentment.

ON the northernmost shores of the Baltic lies Estonia, a hardy little 1,000-year-old nation, which after resisting conquest by its powerful neighbours for 500 years was even then unsubdued. The centuries of foreign domination which followed failed to change her and the national spirit and language proved impervious to outside influences.

This once-powerful kingdom of the Esths, which had repulsed the fierce Vikings and even invaded their own

THE "JOOMPEA" CITADEL, WITH ITS TOWER, "TALL HERMAN," dominates the city of Tallinn, Estonia's seaport city. It was built in the thirteenth century, and during the Russian occupation served as a prison for political offenders. Since the country's attainment of independence the interior has been modernised, and now accommodates the Parliament, the offices of the President, and a number of State departments

BUILT TO PROTECT THE GERMAN KNIGHTS FROM THE ESTONIANS: This fourteenth-century castle stands on an island in the Baltic and is only one of the many strongholds set up by the alien overlords who had cause to fear reprisals from the people

strongholds, fell before the hordes of the Knights of the Sword. Swept by successive waves of Germans, Danes, Poles, Swedes, and Russians, eventually it emerged one of the few remaining democratic countries, a free and independent Republic which this year celebrates its twentieth anniversary.

Through all the centuries the Estonians have been waiting the opportunity to establish a State of their own. Many patriots paid for their national loyalty with life and exile in Siberia but never did the Estonians lose the hope that one day they would obtain their liberty.

The events of 1917 which severed Estonia from the Russian Empire at last gave her the opportunity she had been waiting for. Two hundred years after the Russian Eagle first flew over Estonian territory this little country proclaimed her independence. Much blood was to be spilt, however, before her ideal of national self-government could be achieved.

Scarcely had the communist Russians, who overran the country at the revolution, withdrawn than German troops entered in answer to representations to Berlin by the German nobility living in Estonia. Declaring themselves the authorised representatives of the country they negotiated for union with Prussia and suggested Estonia as a suitable field for German colonisation.

Estonian national leaders were executed or put into concentration camps but despite repressions the struggle for national self-determination continued. At last on the retirement of the Germans the government of young Estonia emerged from hiding to fight the hardest and cruellest war the country had ever known.

On the heels of the retiring Germans came the Soviet troops hoping to step into the supposed gap left by their withdrawal. There followed the Estonian War of Liberation against Soviet Russia, which has been described by a French writer as a miracle of courage and heroism. To the Estonians themselves, however, the war was a matter of common duty to their country and the only way to achieve the aspirations of centuries.

Left by the retreating Germans without arms, food, or equipment, the Estonians with their backs to the wall fought grimly on while two-thirds of their country was occupied by the Russians. Armed with anything they could lay their hands on, Estonia launched a desperate counter-attack over the entire fighting front. It was a forlorn hope, foreign observers thought, but the seemingly impossible happened, and the Russian armies were driven in confusion from the country. But this was not all. Having freed their own country from foreign domination the Estonians with their now reorganised army turned about and proceeded to liberate their neighbour, Latvia, as well.

Brave soldiers as the Estonians are they also know the arts of peace. The twenty years of peace and independence which have passed since the foundation of the Estonian Republic have produced a happy, prosperous, and contented people. The Estonian national character, developed as it was in a hard school, is steady and balanced. The Estonian is an individualist and organises his life on progressive lines designed to assert his individuality through independence. He is extremely cautious of rushing blindly into any of the modern movements and submits everything to a critical examination before committing himself and, though he may be persuaded to submit himself to authority and discipline he can never be forced into doing so.

The spiritual force behind Estonian individuality is nationalism. Two aspects of this nationalism, though not of course peculiar to Estonia, nevertheless are worthy of special mention. Firstly this nationalism extends to all sections of the population, and even adherents of international movements are nationalist in outlook; Estonian

FOCAL POINT OF THE ARTS ON THE BALTIC SHORE: This handsome building set amid the tree-lined boulevards of Tallinn, houses a theatre, a concert hall, and the meeting rooms of various cultural organisations, including the Anglo-Estonian Society

THE COSTUMES OF ESTONIA differ widely in every district, their varied nature forming a fascinating study. The bodices and waist belts, it will be seen from this picture, are most elaborately embroidered. *On right*—The Tallinn Exchange is housed in a fifteenth-century building with tall lancet windows

OLD WORLD TALLINN: The ancient town wall with its watch towers and in the background the Church of St. Olaf, with its gracefully slender spire. Beneath the town are many tunnels of an earlier date which have lately been turned into gas and bomb shelters

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Socialists are Nationalists with advanced social views. There is no intellectual cleavage to divide one section of the nation from the cultural achievements of another. Secondly Estonian nationalism is positive; while it does not attempt to encroach upon others, it is at the same time opposed to intellectual isolation: its aim is to cultivate its own garden according to the peculiarities of its own soil. The desire for international intellectual co-operation is reflected in the lively polemical exchanges which take place in the Estonian Press and elsewhere about "cultural orientation".

It is suggested that Estonia has been too strongly influenced in the past by her immediate neighbours, the Germans and the Russians, while England, Scandinavia, and France are cultural influences more suited to the individualistic, protestant, and democratic Estonians. The present tendency in this matter is towards the utilisation of whatever is best in the outside world while at the same time keeping in mind the peculiar needs and possibilities of Estonia.

Estonia is a country of pine forests and luxuriant undergrowth, of secluded coves edged with white sand, of romantic ruins and picturesque old towns. Her northern coast is a succession of fine views and bathing beaches almost unique in Europe. Rich salmon and trout rivers offer a restful retreat to her townspeople, while between her islands, populated by fisherfolk who still wear the national costume, are extensive stretches of still water for yachting, a sport which has been described as the favourite sport of the Estonians.

The Estonians are by nature a somewhat reserved and cautious people and they make friends only slowly, but once they know one they are the most reliable of comrades; with friends and amongst themselves they are the gayest and merriest and most hospitable of people.

Oil products from the rich Estonian oil-shale mines have solved the problem of cheap fuel, and these together with agricultural products form the chief exports of the country. Her industrial development during her twenty years of independence has been phenomenal and now this small country to the North of the Baltic, with her textile, her timber, and her paper manufactures is prosperous as well as truly democratic.

Erich R. Sarw

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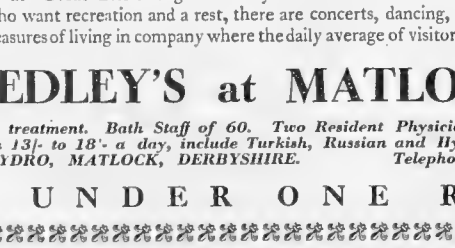

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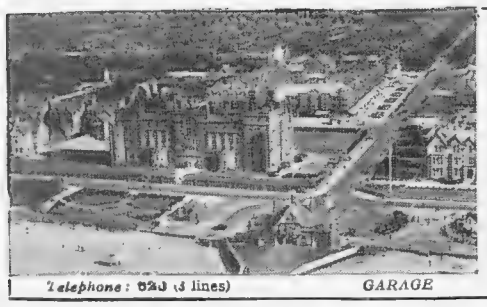

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A Tour of Cornwall Yields Where to Stay in

I HAVE recently finished a tour of Cornwall, perhaps the most thorough I have ever made. In fact I feel at the moment a sort of walking encyclopedia on where to stay in the Far West. You may think that January and February are not the ideal months for a motoring holiday but I found otherwise; and though I was working hard all the time I returned to London sunburnt and feeling more like September than February.

In the course of my travels I found a large number of new places, most of which I am only too pleased to be able to recommend to SPHERE readers. Many of them are closed at this time of year, but they are already booking up so fast for the spring and early summer that inquiries ought to be made as soon as possible. In many cases it is already impossible to book in August.

One of my most pleasant discoveries was the Ferry Boat Inn at Helford Passage—a few miles west of Falmouth. Various people had told me that I ought to visit this place and, by dint of following signposts from Falmouth up and down Cornish lanes which are as crooked as a donkey's hind leg and about as wide as my car, I eventually arrived. And it was well worth the trouble. The Ferry Boat Inn is owned by Commander A. R. C. Douton, who used to keep the Hoops Inn at Horns Cross in N. Devon.

He watched the Ferry Boat Inn for eight years and as soon as it came into the market, bought it, rebuilt it, and opened it as it now is. The position is perfect—right on the edge of the Helford River about a mile from the sea; and from the Inn a row-boat ferry takes you across to Manaccan on the other side of the river.

Commander and Mrs. Douton are tremendously hard workers—in the evening Commander Douton even rows the ferry-boat!—and already it is difficult to find anything lacking in their Inn. The public rooms are light and extremely comfortably furnished, the bedrooms have everything necessary for really heavy sleeping! A new bar is being built twice the size of the old one and decorated by Commander Douton and his shipmates to look like the cabin of a ship; and the reason for this—a good example of thoughtfulness in hotel keeping—is that yachtsmen can come in scores off the Helford River for a drink without disturbing the comfort of the resident visitors.

Another tiny place—even smaller, this, than the Ferry Boat Inn—which interested me greatly, is the Old Coastguards Hotel at Mousehole (pronounce Mowsal, please). Major Seymour Bryant who runs the Old Coastguards with the aid of a very efficient manageress, Miss Ross, has succeeded in giving great character to his place and in attracting a particularly pleasant crowd of visitors around him—painters, writers, professors, and so on.

The Old Coastguards is very simple but, if you like simplicity, very comfortable and what is rare in hotels, you will find in the lounge not only comfortable chairs but intelligent conversation. In addition to the hotel, which stands high on a hill, Major Bryant owns a couple of picturesque cottages standing on the water's edge overlooking Mousehole Harbour and these must be delightful spots for a university reading party or a family holiday.

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager: OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone: Weybridge 1190.

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THE HONYWOOD HOTELS

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

New Discoveries Regarding Spring and Summer

I have always regretted not knowing a hotel I liked in the Land's End district but that is now put right. For I have discovered the Whitesand Bay Hotel at Sennen Cove—not to be confused with another of my friends, the Whitsand Bay Hotel at Crafthole—and I need look no farther.

Sennen Cove is a very pleasant spot between Land's End and Cape Cornwall and, if it is liable to be overcrowded in the month of August, so is most of Cornwall: and in the spring and early summer it will be as quiet as you could wish. Mr. and Mrs. W. Vernon Peak, who own the Whitesand Bay Hotel, have travelled a great deal themselves and noticed good and bad points about hotel-keeping from the visitor's point of view. This valuable experience is behind the running of their own place and they have achieved an excellent combination of an old inn cum modern hotel.

On the north coast of Cornwall I want to mention two places in particular, since both of them are recently opened, as well as being new to me. The first is a very tiny but very comfortable guest house at Harlyn Bay, called Lower Pol Mark. Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves, who run this, are relatives of the Hargreaves family of Welltown Manor, Boscastle, and to anybody who has stayed at Welltown this in itself offers strong presumption that Lower Pol Mark will be good. And it is. Very simple, excellent plain food, do what you like—these seem to be its mottoes. And with the sand and surf of Harlyn Bay and the famous Trevose Golf Club close at hand I should think there is plenty to do.

The other place—and the last one for this week!—is the Water beach Hotel at Treyanon Bay. This is one of the most interesting hotels I saw on my journey. A modern house, well built by a good architect, it is very completely equipped and must be a most comfortable place to stay in. Miss Negus, the proprietress, has great personality and I should think she will prove herself a natural hotelier. Her own standards of taste and comfort are extremely high and she expects the same standards from her guests. The hotel is marvellously situated on a bay which is famous for surf-bathing, and I fully expect that it will become one of the best known hotels in Cornwall. I count this as one of my best discoveries!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. (Royston).—The Victoria and Fortfield Hotels are the leading ones in Sidmouth, and they are both very, very good. But, if you are looking for something a little less expensive, I should like to recommend the Royal York Hotel, where I spent an extremely comfortable night last week. I was much impressed by the Sunday evening dinner—a weak point in many hotels—and by the promptness and willingness of the service.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 122.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Knowle (Warwickshire).—Chadwick Manor.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
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Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
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Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
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Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
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West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl.Crook. AA.R.A.C.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

"BELLS ON HER TOES"

(Cont. from page 332)

The *anvat* was a special form of toe-ring that was made of silver balls, usually worn on the great toe, though whether it is still in existence is doubtful. We hear that Sita, the wife of Sri Rama, the hero of the *Ramayana*, was said to have been adorned with golden bells on her feet; thus it may be noticed that, though toe-rings and anklets are usually made of silver, because, as Abbé Dubois says: "Gold ornaments are never worn by Hindus on the feet, the reason being that it is a sacred metal and would be thereby defiled"; it was common in days of yore, for princesses to wear golden ornaments on their feet and even to-day, such magnificence is occasionally indulged in.

In spite of the fact, however, that many an Indian maid has preferred to be unshod, footwear was by no means a rare fashion even in earliest times. The hog-skin is said to have been the common form of leather used for shoes in Vedic India. It is true that Dr. Rajendralala Mitra, in his book on Indo-Aryans, says: "Of ancient shoes, I have met with only one variety, the slipper with a slightly upturned front, but all the carvings of it that have come to my observation were so indistinct that I have not been able to take any drawing that would be worth having." He goes on, however, to mention a number of references to shoes and boots, in the great Indian epics; and we are told that in an old Sanskrit drama, the heroine asks: "And pray, who is that lady dressed in flowered muslin, goodly person truly; her feet, shining with oil, thrust into a pair of slippers? She sits in state on a gorgeous throne."

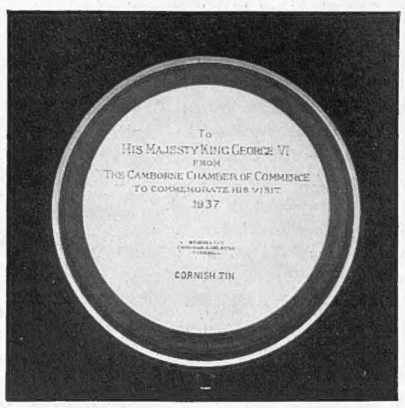
Later, we see that Arrian, in his travels in India, observes: "They, the Indians, wear shoes made of white leather, and these are elaborately trimmed, while the soles are variegated, and made of great thickness, to make the wearer seem so much taller." Even the present day high-heel, therefore, seems to have been forestalled in ancient India. And, according to Dr. Mitra, there is actually an ancient temple-carving of a lady wearing boots—resembling moccasins.

Muslim women also, from very earliest times, wore shoes, and we hear that a Muhammadan Empress who, as early as the eighth century A.D., exercised "a great influence on the fashion of her age and invented the sedan chair, was said to have introduced among her sex the use of jewelled girdles and jewelled shoes."

The jewelled shoe is still used in India, especially among princesses, and very often velvet slippers are embroidered with gold and silver tinsel by well-to-do ladies with their own fair hands. These slippers, with others of their kind, are perhaps too flimsy to allow a very active life on the part of the wearer; and little Indian slippers called joothies that are heel-less, with, however, a support at the back of the heel, are more popular to-day. These are of different colours, and are made of either velvet or leather, and very often are embellished with a little gold or silver embroidery.

P. S.

THE KING ACCEPTS GIFT OF CORNISH TIN



To commemorate the King's visit to Camborne during his tour of the Duchy of Cornwall in December the Camborne Chamber of Commerce has presented His Majesty with this jug (left) *made of Cornish tin which bears an engraving of a Cornish miner and, on the underside, the inscription reproduced on right*

OLD WINDSOR HOTEL TO COME DOWN

Drawn by Dennis Flanders

This view, looking up the hill towards Windsor Castle, shows, in the centre, the famous Tower House Hotel, the contents of which have just been sold prior to its demolition. The place has had a most interesting history, and in the reign of Charles II became known as a duelling centre. The premises, originally used as a court-house, are mentioned in Harrison Ainsworth's novel Windsor Castle *as the scene of Mark Fyt on's outburst against Henry VIII's plan to divorce Katharine of Ar gon*

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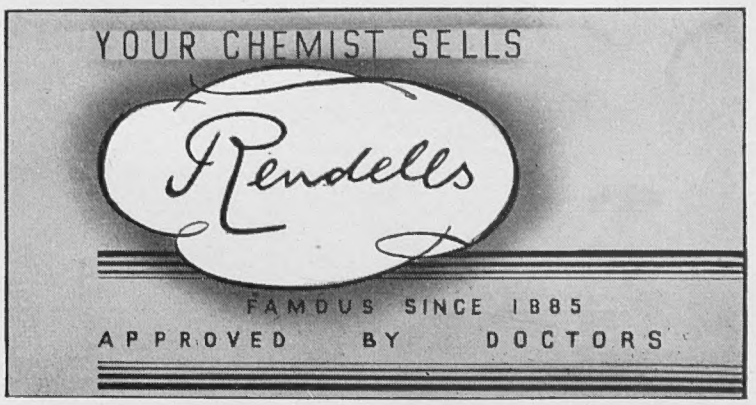

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